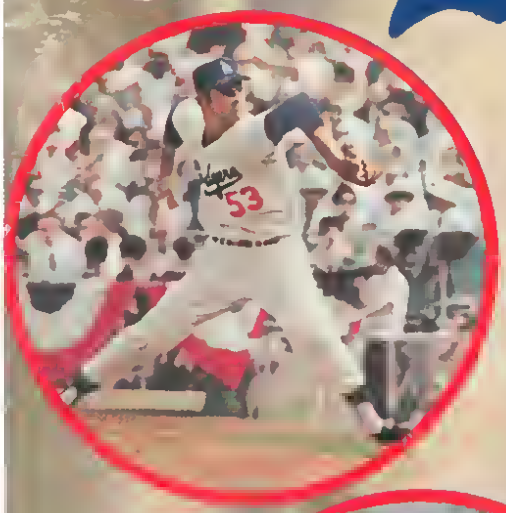
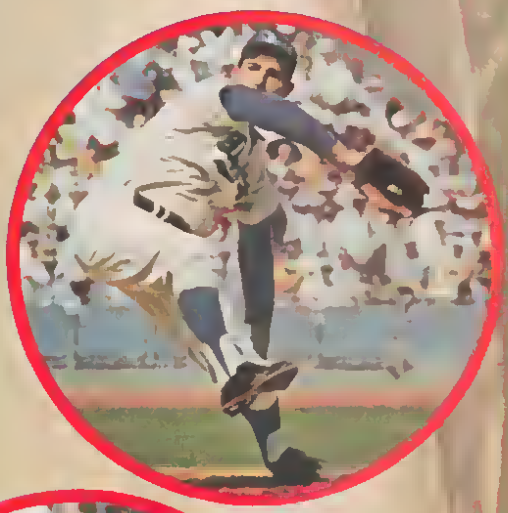
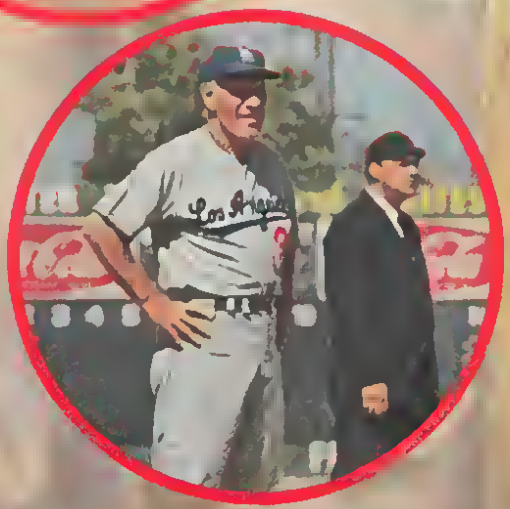
Sports Illustrated
MAY 15, 1967 40 CENTS

BUZZIE BAVASI: His Inside Story of the Dodgers







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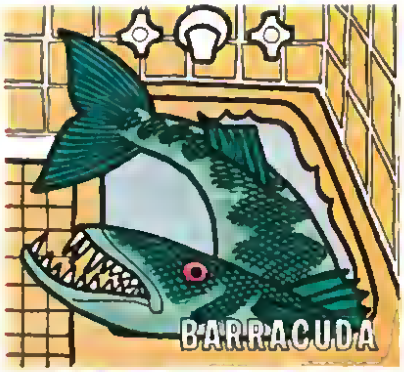

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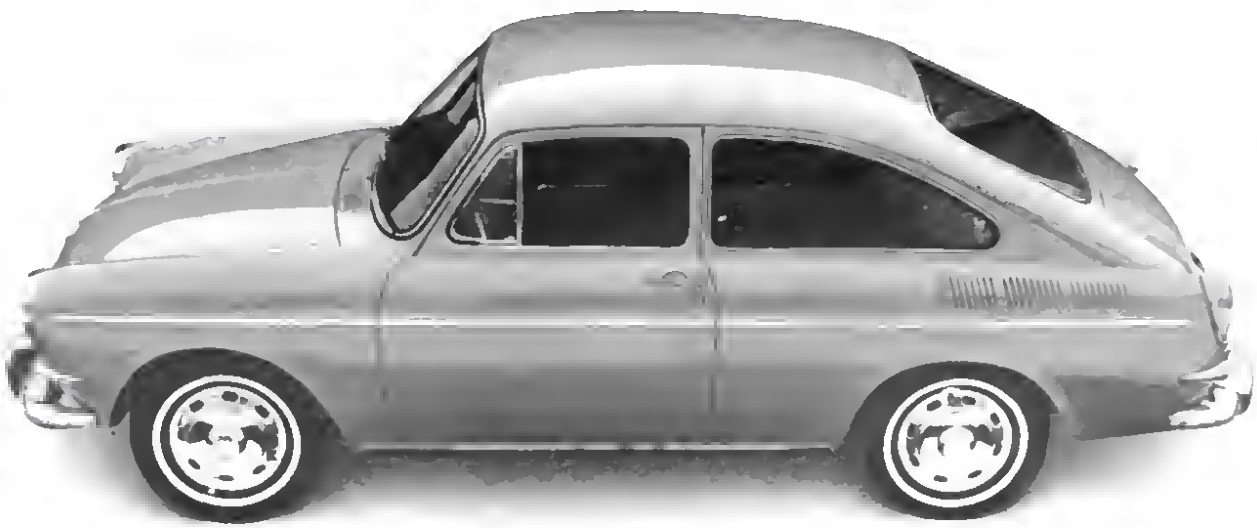

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It's got a trunk in the front where most cars have their motors. And a trunk in the back where most Volkswagens have their motors.
(In case you're wondering where we put the motor, well, it's neatly tucked underneath the trunk in the rear.)
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Will a Volkswagen like this change our image?
We doubt it.
After all, it's only the world's most beautiful Volkswagen.
Not the world's most beautiful car.

*Volkswagen ... suggested ... plus ... local taxes and other dealer delivery charges ...

Contents

May 15, 1967 *Volume 26, No. 20*

Cover Painting by Don Moss, photographs by James Drake and Herb Scharfman

20 Clarion Call: $62.20!
Darby Dan's Proud Clarion earned the third highest payoff in Derby history as he beat Barbs Delight

26 Some Old Grads Get a Hazing
In the annual Notre Dame spring football game the alumni found that the varsity may well be No. 1 again

28 Crossed-up Golf at Houston
A cross-handed Indian, a dawdling threesome and a strong birdie putt made the Champions a swinging tournament

30 One More Marietta Mud Puddle
A little water is fine if you're going rowing. The Mid-America Regatta, unfortunately, gets more than its share

32 Viva! but Hide Your Women
Italy's world-champion motorcycle racer breaks records and feminine hearts with equal facility

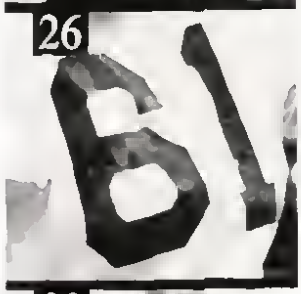
48 Winged Safari for Arctic Char
The lonely and beautiful barrens of northern Canada offer flying anglers a new fishing frontier

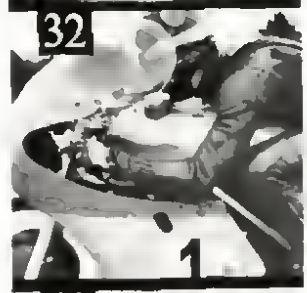
56 Some Ways to Jingle, Jangle, Jingle
Equestrian tack is the inspiration for a loud collection of shoes and belts

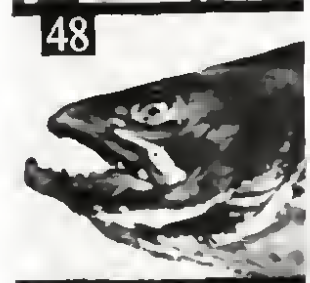
78 The Dodger Story: Part 1
Buzzie Bavasi tells what it was like on his side of the fence in the great Koufax-Drysdale holdout

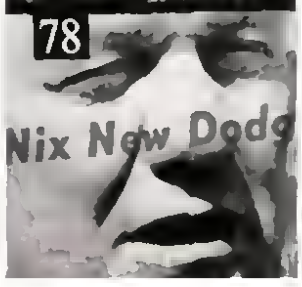
The departments

15 Scorecard
56 Sporting Look
58 People
61 Hockey
66 Baseball
74 Bridge
99 Baseball's Week
100 For the Record
102 19th Hole









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Credits on page 100

Next week

A RED UPRISING is in prospect in Cincinnati, where surprising pitching strength, combined with the hitting everyone knew was there, has produced a genuine pennant possibility.

THE FASTEST RUNNER you may ever see could be Tommie Smith. He also is the most relaxed Frank Deford writes about the San Jose State senior with the crazy high-knee stride.

A JUDO ROLL-OUT is a tactic of Japan's "gentle" sport. It might also be used to describe Jeannette Bruce, who bumbled her way onto—and off of—the traditional rice-straw mat.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Jack Olsen says they laughed when he sat down to do a four-part Buzzie Bavasi series. Although Bavasi had been an obvious choice for an inside baseball story for years, interviewing the hyperlocomotive Dodger general manager is a little like conversing with a merry-go-round operator—one question per revolution.

"Let's wait until spring training," Bavasi told Olsen last season. "I'll have all the time in the world then." His idea of infinite inactivity, Jack discovered, is breakfast at 9, hot-rodding around the training grounds in a golf cart from 10 until 3, golf from 3 to 6,

OLSEN AND BAVASI

cocktails till 7, dinner till 8, poker until midnight. Repeat daily, almost unvaryingly. If you want to see Bavasi you learn the schedule and fit in.

"the way i fat in," memoed Olsen, a 100-word-a-minute typist who usually memorializes in lower case, "was to take my trusty tape recorder out to the ball park every morning at 10 and dig out the story of buzzie's life as we whirled around in the golf cart. i did this for 18 straight days. it was very revealing, for one thing, i learned that major league ballplayers, for all their hig salaries, are always broke and always coming to the gm for advances. i learned that major league ballplayers can break down and cry. i saw this twice, once with a young kid who was upset because he wasn't going to make the big club, and once because one of the ballplayers had gotten the news that his wife back home was running around with another man. buzzie handled both problems with the wisdom of a socrates, but i can't tell you how because i was sworn to secrecy."

Bavasi and Olsen, together in their golf cart, got along famously, but Olsen started to worry about what would happen when he put the story on paper and sent it to Bavasi to read and correct. Jack figured that "with me gone he would ignore the ms. because there'd be nobody to make him work on it." Just before leaving Vero Beach, Olsen "bought buzzie a kit that turned him into an instant editor an attache case for carrying the ms., 10 red pencils, a sharpener, a two-pound rubber eraser that said, 'i only make big misteaks,' a desk lamp and a lot of other stuff." In case you are wondering how Olsen managed to get a desk lamp into an attaché case, he used a folding Tensor.

Delighted, Bavasi soon gave back a well-penciled ms. and six baseballs. Three were signed by the Dodgers, Olsen says, "making me a big man with the kids on my block."

The inside baseball starts on page 78, extroverted. There—and in subsequent installments—we learn what will happen if the Dodger infield forms an *ad hoc* union *à la* Donald and Sanford, whether Chuck Connors signed his contracts in blood, why Mrs. O'Malley likes Leo Durocher more than Walter does and how Bavasi learned to spell P-e-r-r-a-n-o-s-k-i.

"Buzzie Bavasi's particular charm is his ability to stand around and spin stories about baseball," Olsen says, getting up to cases. "I have gone to some lengths to preserve this charm. So you will find a few 'whos' for 'whoms' and a few 'likes' for 'as.' I know better; so does Buzzie, but in his long association with ballplayers he has learned to talk Winston English. Buzzie sounds legit, like a general manager should."

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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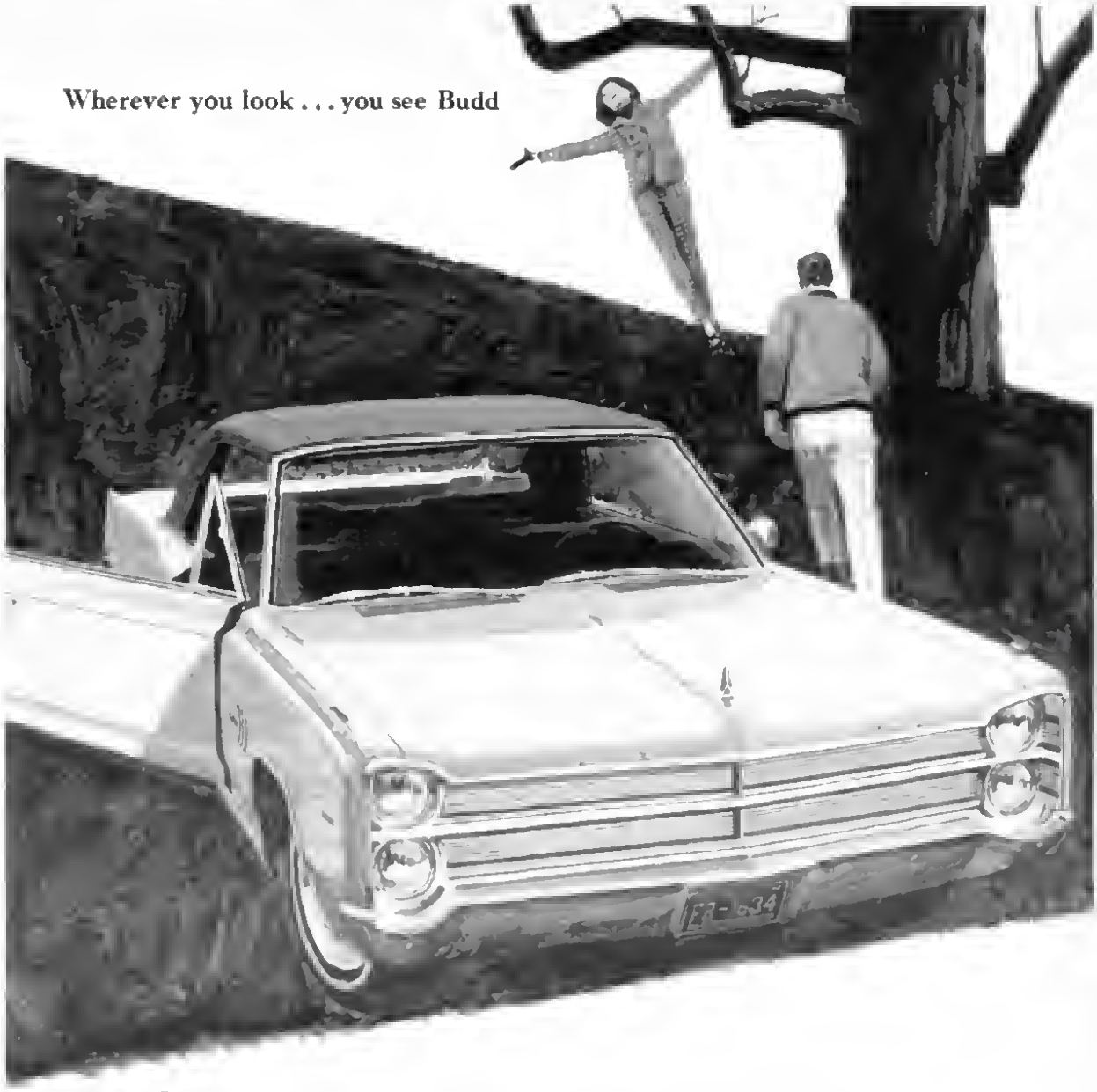

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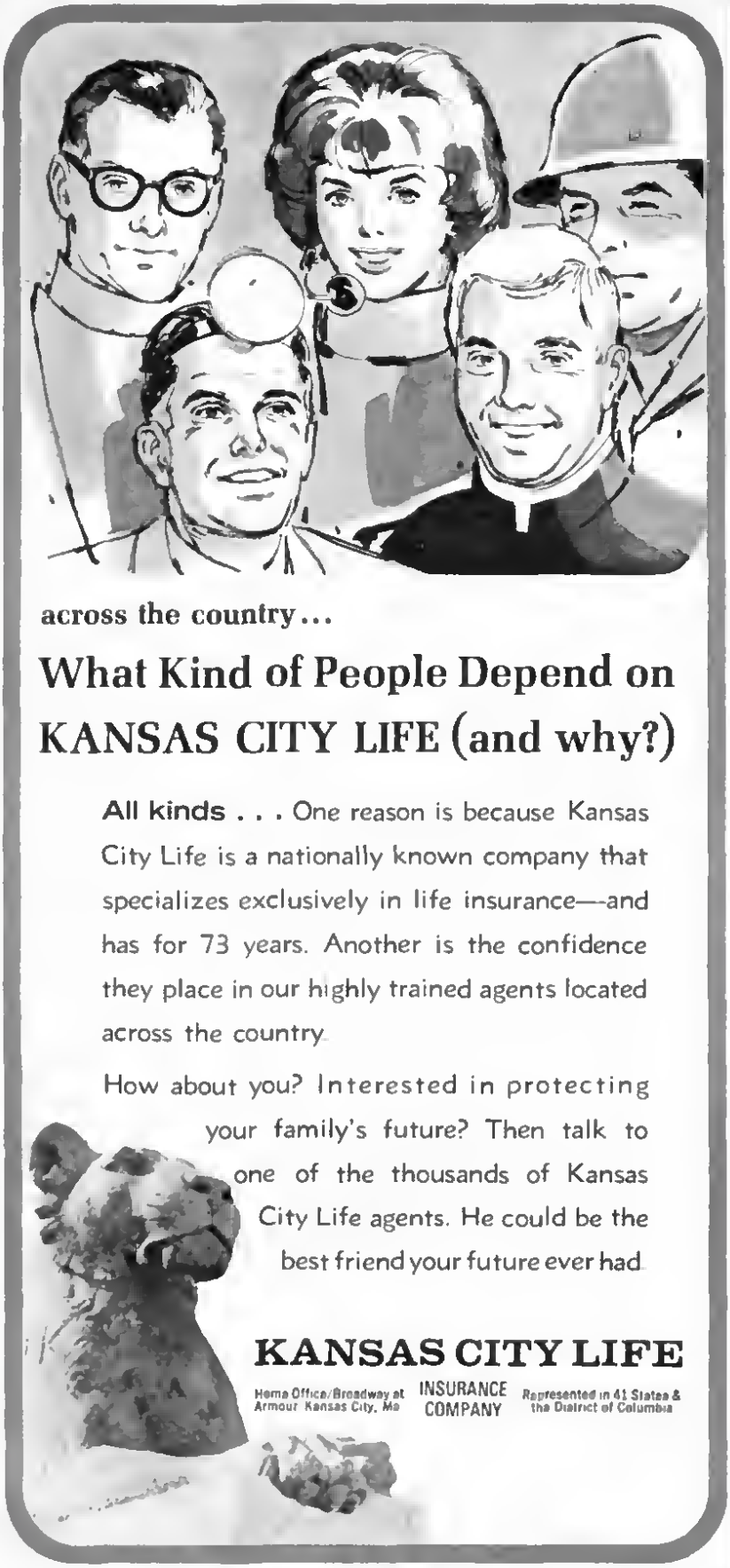

BOOKTALK

An unabashed fan reveals Mr. Stengel as magnificent in victory and defeat

The fair-minded biographer (if such there be) is supposed to state the case against his subject as well as for him. Joseph Durso, the author of *Casey, The Life and Legend of Charles Dillon Stengel* (Prentice-Hall, $5.95), is obviously and happily prejudiced. Durso gives Casey's critics their due. He admits that there were those who saw the Professor as vain, excessively interested in money, inclined to play favorites and impatient to the point of harshness with those who admired him less than he thought proper.

Conscientious journalist that he is, Durso puts all this in the record, but he is happiest when he has got the critics out of the way and can settle down to his story.

Even people who have only a casual interest in baseball know about Casey, his comic-opera stunts (the time he doffed his cap to the crowd and a sparrow flew out of it) and the lulling, plausible but mysterious language known as Stengelese, which produced sentences like, "Most people are dead at my age, and you could look it up."

In 1944 newspaper writers voted Casey the funniest manager in baseball. It was a more serious tribute than some outsiders recognized, for sportswriters are stern judges of humor. It is all that keeps some of them in the business: the chance for honest laughs in a world grown gray with politics and economics. But not any clown can win the laughs, though he may win space in the papers. The appealing thing about Stengel, right from the first when he was a bush leaguer in the Midwest, was the imagination of his humor. It was never derogatory of his game. Casey loved baseball and he celebrated it with laughs, somewhat as King David showed reverence by dancing before the Ark of the Covenant.

Bill Veeck, in his introduction to the book, rightly praises Durso for "seeing beyond the buffoonery and the bandy-legged walk." Veeck adds his own tribute to Casey. "Don't let the Stengelese fool you. Casey can make himself understood anytime anywhere—when he wants to. He can be incomprehensible at a government hearing, but his athletes will get the message that night."

Durso takes Stengel over more than 50 years, from his failure as a left-handed dentist in Kansas City through the 10 pennants and seven World Series he won over 12 seasons with the Yankees and on to three years in the cellar with "my amazin' Mets."

These years reveal the Stengel spirit as perhaps even finer in defeat than in victory. It almost seems as though Casey made the Mets up out of his own head, so true was this outfit to that spirit. Durso has caught its gallantry as well as its laughter.

—JOSEPH CARROLL

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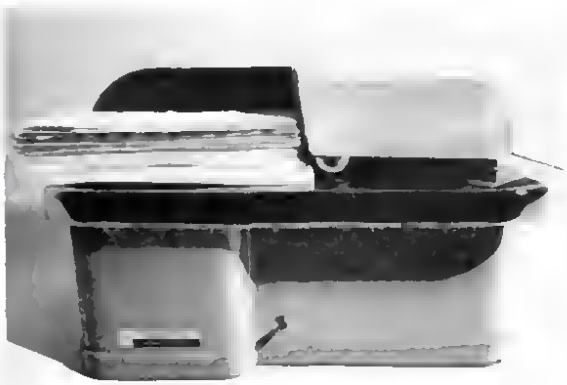

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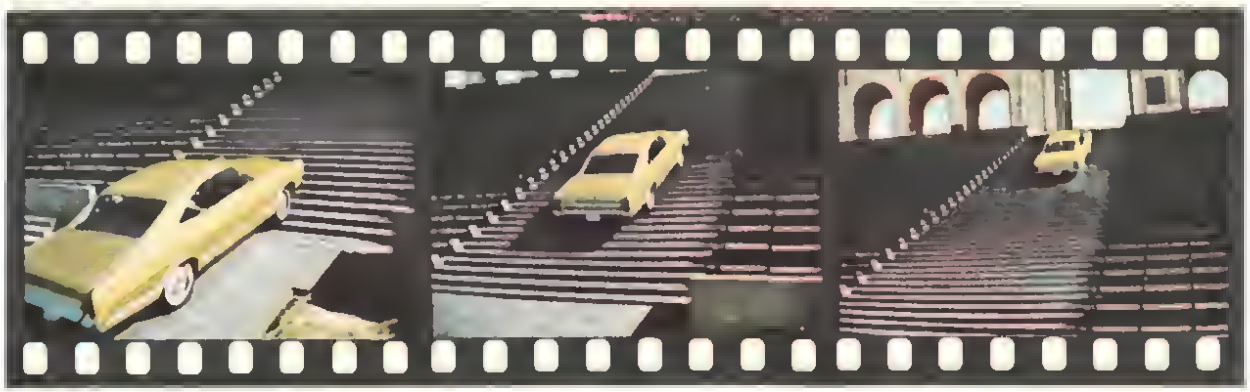

Note: That "high stepping" Ford you see on TV came from a showroom floor, equipped with standard suspension and optional heavy-duty shocks. Only addition: a skidplate underneath the car to further protect the oil pan.

Ford proves its strength again. This new Ford climbed the steep, bone-jarring steps of the Los Angeles Coliseum. Then pounded down the same brutal course. How did it ride afterwards? Smooth, strong and quiet. That's the '67 Ford. Quieter because it's stronger, stronger because it's better built.

YOU RE AHEAD IN A FORD

SCORECARD

FOUL SHOT DUE?

A decision to be made by the International Amateur Basketball Association in the next two weeks in Montevideo, Uruguay may severely limit or bring to an end the participation of U.S. basketball teams abroad. The international board must choose a U.S representative that will have the right to control and sanction basketball activity by American teams.

For years the Amateur Athletic Union had this franchise and did little with it It promoted few games between U.S. and foreign groups and on occasion even thwarted by technicalities the matches that had been scheduled. But four years ago the U.S. Basketball Federation—a college-oriented organization—asked for the international job. As a compromise, the international board granted the federation certain sanctioning powers while continuing to recognize the AAU's control over the Olympic and World basketball tournaments.

The U.S. Basketball Federation took advantage of its new powers to set up the most elaborate international program in the game's history. In 1966 more than 200 games were played between U.S. and foreign teams. And this spring the number doubled to more than 400. Top college teams like Michigan, Kentucky, Vanderbilt, Brigham Young and Wichita State traveled abroad under the federation's program, playing in such places as Japan, Australia, Chile, Iran, Pakistan and Greece.

There was a time, in the 1920s and 1930s, when AAU basketball teams were the equivalent of the NBA teams of today, but since the development of the professional leagues AAU basketball has been dying. There are now only four major AAU teams (compared to 25 in the 1920s), and the AAU championship game this March in Denver drew only 3,000 spectators. Basketball is no longer a major concern of the AAU, but it is a vital interest of the U.S. Basketball Federation, a group composed of the country's college basketball teams We cast a strong vote for the federation, and hope the same position will be taken by the sport bosses in Montevideo.

SUPERPLAN

Three cheers for the National Hockey League's new Stanley Cup playoff scheme. This is a plan geared to expansion. Next fall six U.S. teams—Los Angeles, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco-Oakland and St. Louis—will begin play as a separate division. Next spring the top four will be eligible for Stanley Cup competition. Following the old NHL pattern, No. 1 will play No. 3 in a best-of-seven series, while No 2 plays No 4.

Now comes the part we like. The new boys' 1-3 winner will play the older division's equivalent winner, and the 2-4 survivors in each division likewise will be paired. This means that the new guys will have two chances for upset drama in the semifinals. The winners of those two series then will play for the Cup itself.

The finalists, obviously, are likely to be teams from the older group for some years to come, and a case can be made for separate eliminations and a final series matching old and new—in other words, a pro football-style superseries or, to be realistic, superanticlimax. Hockey's way will double the interdivisional rivalry and thus, as we see it, double the fun, but at the same time it will ensure that the final series is played between the two best teams in hockey.

OFFENSIVE ENTERTAINMENT

Never mind that many world-ranking soccer teams play a defensive game and that millions every year are thrilled by it. The owners of the Pittsburgh Phantoms have decided that defensive soccer is not very entertaining. "There is no action and no interest," Team President Peter Block said recently. "It's like hockey, if you dump the puck back to mid-ice all the time."

With that, Block instructed Coach Janos Bedl to change the Phantoms' tactics and play offensively. Understandably reluctant, since the Phantoms were undefeated and were leading the National League's Eastern Division, Bedl finally had to give in. "If we win every game 8–1, it is not good soccer," he said bitterly The team tested the front-office strategy against the St. Louis Stars last week. With 20 minutes still to be played, Gerhard Wedemeier, a Phantom player, got a bit too offensive, so to speak, kicking the Stars' Rudolf Kolbi and knocking him down from behind. Wedemeier was ejected from the game, and St. Louis immediately scored three goals against the shorthanded Phantoms to win the game 4–1. The St. Louis coach said later, "Pittsburgh has no technique. They do not play with, with—how do you say?—*Kultur*."

COLD CACHE

Just consider the possibilities for a cat burglar. In the vaults of Madrid's Salmon Bank are some 10,000 pounds of fish, and official transactions—deposits, withdrawals and loans—are made in salmon. Established in 1964 by a former waiter, the bank now has a clientele that rivals the House of Rothschild. Among those with accounts are Generalissimo

Francisco Franco, Emperor Haile Selassie, King Baudouin, El Cordobés, the Maharaja of Mayurbaug and Prince Juan Carlos (who is, at present, six kilos overdrawn).

On a typical day last week a 31-pound fish killed on a Canadian river arrived by jet for deposit, and an 18-pound smoked salmon was dispatched to New York to be served as a first course at a

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diplomatic luncheon. The bank's depositors can draw fresh, frozen or smoked fish against the balance in their accounts and, on occasion, credit is extended, but a loan must be repaid in kind, not cash.

Ramon Mestanza Pascual, the 61-year-old founder and president of the establishment, says he has had a lifelong interest in salmon. "I've always felt an irresistible attraction toward this brave fish," he explains. "It is one of the most beautiful in existence."

In 1952 he designed and patented a platter especially for salmon. So popular was it that today nearly everyone in Spain who serves the fish owns one of Mestanza's dishes. About the same time he also began to experiment with methods of smoking salmon. His earliest attempts were made surreptitiously in the furnace of Mansard's, the chic Madrid restaurant where he was working as a waiter. "The result was not particularly appetizing," he says. Next he tried using sawdust from a piece of antique furniture, but "the fish smelled of termites" and tasted no better.

Mestanza's present formula, for which he has become internationally famous, is secret. He admits only to using special woods and aromatic herbs such as thyme and sweet marjoram. So great a delicacy is his smoked salmon that it is worth more per pound ($7.50) than Spanish pesetas. It would seem a solid base to bank on.

GAME OF CHANCE

If you want a ticket to the tennis matches at Wimbledon this summer, you have about as much chance of getting one as you have of drawing a live number in the Irish Sweeps. The method of choosing is the same—by lottery—and the odds are not much better.

One day this month Major David Mills, the secretary of the All-England Lawn Tennis Association, will stand in front of a large cardboard box, pour the requests for Wimbledon tickets into it, shake them up a bit and pull until the available seats are taken. Even if you get the ticket you wanted—say one seat in the center court for the fortnight of the tournament—you may not feel like a winner, for the seat can cost $560.

"The ballots are oversubscribed by a colossal margin," Major Mills says. "Literally thousands of people fail to get tickets, but the lottery system remains the fairest way to distribute them to the public."

Major Mills is reluctant to disclose the number of people turned down or, in fact, the number of seats actually put on sale. It varies from year to year, depending on how many seats are allocated to foreign tennis associations and dignitaries by the All-England club.

There is one other way to get a ticket—by buying a debenture that entitles the holder to a center-court seat for five years. The number of debentures is limited, and only a few are sold, usually in Paris. The going price is $2,250, which means a seat costs $40 a day or $450 a year.

You may see an amateur's game, but hardly at an amateur's price.

SHUT-EYE

Chicago's Channel 9, the station that carries the White Sox games, has television cameras that scan Comiskey Park. But there is one place they have yet to focus on: the scoreboard. It seems that another Chicago station outbid WGN-TV for the right to televise the 1968 White Sox games, and that station has put a sign on the scoreboard that reads: "Watch the Sox on Ch. 32 next season."

WHO ARE THE PIGEONS?

The opening of the English pigeon-racing season has put the board of British Railways into a flap. For many decades the railways have played an essential part in pigeon racing, transporting the birds in specially equipped cars at a nominal charge and arranging with stationmasters at designated points to release the racers. The empty cages are shipped back to the owners free of charge. Station attendants also operate a lost-and-found service for pigeons, picking up as many as 150,000 in a year. The strays are returned home for a flat fee of half a crown (35¢). This sporting service started back in the 1890s, when trains were still treated with some suspicion by the general public. Hoping to attract passengers, the railways offered working-class pigeon owners cheap transportation for their birds, figuring that if a man could be brought to risk his pigeon, eventually he would risk himself on rails.

But now the railway board feels pigeon transportation is for the birds. It would like to get out of the business or, at any rate, raise its charges. Birds must be watered and fed while in transit, and first-

continued

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aid facilities must be provided at considerable cost.

The railways would settle for a percentage of the $28 million in prize money distributed during the course of the racing season, but there isn't a pigeon man from Scotland to Wales about to give up tuppence of his purse. Instead, pigeon owners have formed cooperatives and have purchased lorries to transport the birds. They talk of Sir Stanley Raymond, the railways' board chairman, the way they talk of farmers who shoot their pigeons. In the end, the railways may lose pigeons *and* passengers.

THREE'S A CROWD

The things people do. Take Al Carter, a dance-band drummer in Chicago. For three years he worked on plans to get the first ticket and be the first person through the gate at Montreal's Expo 67. Al puts a lot of effort into such things. He has a long record of "firsts"—at expressway openings, sports events and the Seattle and New York world's fairs.

"The big thing is to be first through the gates," he says. "I knew at Montreal I'd have stiff competition. The toughest would be two guys from New York—an uncle and his nephew. They're pretty good, and I've run into them several times. They were aiming for Expo 67, and I knew it because of what happened at the New York fair in 1964. I beat them out in their own home town by a matter of minutes. I remember how they looked at me—steely-eyed. They told me, 'We shall meet again!' "

Well, the trio did meet recently at the opening of Expo 67, but the uncle and the nephew kept their distance. As Al tells it, "The guys from New York showed up after me. They stopped a long way off when they saw me. Then they turned around and left. Other people came, but they were too late. They're always too late. When they see me, they leave. What's there to being second?"

THEY SAID IT

• Dennis Ralston, explaining why he has been successful as a professional tennis player although he never could win big matches as an amateur. "The weight of the whole country is now off my shoulders. I only play for me."

• Maury Wills, calling room service last week at St. Louis' Chase Park Plaza: "This is Mr. Wills of the Dodgers in room. . . ."

END

"Nancy,
I thought your bridge club
didn't like Scotch."

Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

Sports Illustrated
MAY 15, 1967

CLARION CALL: $62.20!

Derby Den'e Proud Clerion eerned the third highest peyoff in Derby history when he defeeted enother long shot, Berbs Delight (No. 5), by e length on e dey murky with rein end heunted by the specter of riot. Only hours before the rece the winner's owner wes seerching for e jockey end wes not certein his horse would stert

by WHITNEY TOWER

CONTINUED

'I FIGURED IT WAS MY YEAR. I HAD A HUNCH'

Overtones of unpredictability began to set the mood of the Kentucky Derby weeks before the 93rd running last Saturday. On Derby Day, as mist and rain swept in to chill and dampen the somewhat nervous throng, the atmosphere was one of tingly apprehension instead of traditional festivity.

At first there had been considerable doubt about which horses would even get to Churchill Downs, after an unusual run of bad spring racing weather and untimely injuries and illnesses in the camps of many of the winter favorites. Then came the threat of riot and disruption of the race by civil rights organizations engaged in an all-out campaign to force open-housing legislation in the city of Louisville. Early in the week five youths staged a mild preview of what might happen on Saturday. They ran out on the track in front of a field of horses. When they saw that none of the jockeys were making any effort to pull up or avoid hitting them, they climbed the infield fence and got away just in time to avoid serious accidents. On Derby Day the Rev. Martin Luther King called a press conference at the Episcopal Church of Our Merciful Saviour and urged that the demonstrations be called off. "We are not interested in creating a riot," he said.

Still, the threat of trouble hung in the air, and state, city and Churchill Downs officials decided not to take chances. A security force of about 2,500 was marshaled, including National Guardsmen armed with three-foot riot sticks, dozens of extra state and city police and racetrack guards. They took up positions on and off the track. The searching eyes of the law seemed to be everywhere, even at the clubhouse gate, where the wife of a member of the Kentucky State Racing Commission was looked over by an officer on the bomb detail. No, she assured him as he zeroed in on her foil-wrapped picnic box, it only contained fried chicken and beaten-biscuit ham sandwiches. All the uniforms and precautions could not help but transform the gayest occasion in American racing into something less cheery.

Fortunately, the same cannot be said for the race itself. An upset is more than possible whenever 14 horses go a mile and a quarter for the first time in their young careers and the race is prejudged to be a contest among just three of them. But seldom has there been a more dramatic upset than the one that occurred at Louisville. Mr. and Mrs. John W. Galbreath's second-string colt, Proud Clarion, roared around the leaders on the turn for home to win by a length over another outsider named Barbs Delight. The longest-priced winner since Gallahadion upset odds-on favorite Bimelech in 1940, Proud Clarion came bursting home as a 30-to-1 shot ($62.20), totally demolishing the favored Damascus, who was third; Successor, who was sixth, and the pride of California, Ruken, who staggered home eighth.

It was a Derby loaded with dramatics, and a sentimentally popular one for those racing fans who have followed the fortunes and misfortunes of the Galbreaths' Darby Dan Farm and its trainer, Loyd (Boo) Gentry. It was popular, too, among the thousands who for years have regarded 31-year-old Oklahoma-born Jockey Bobby Ussery as one of the premier riders in the country. Ussery was to have had the Derby mount on Hirsch Jacobs' winter star, Reflected Glory, who missed the whole show because of a sore shin. Normally Darby Dan's fawn-and-brown silks are worn by Braulio Baeza, who has been Galbreath's contract rider for three years. But, six days before this Derby, Baeza's contract expired, and by mutual consent it was not renewed. "We had no hard feelings about it," said Galbreath. "Quite the contrary. We both knew that Darby Dan wasn't running outstanding stock and that Braulio was having his pick of all those good Phipps horses. So it was only natural that he should want to free-lance. I wished him nothing but the best of luck and figured he had a whale of a shot at this Derby on the Phippses' Successor."

Three days later neither Galbreath nor Gentry had settled on a jockey for Proud Clarion, a son of the sensational young stallion Hail to Reason. Then Galbreath suddenly remembered something and phoned his trainer. "Loyd," he said, "how about getting Ussery?" On Thursday morning the arrangements were completed, and on Derby Day John Galbreath told Bobby Ussery what it was that he had remembered: "If you ride Proud Clarion like you rode Bramalea for me to beat Cicada in the Coaching Club Oaks of 1962, I think you've got a chance in this Derby."

Ussery, who had never so much as galloped Proud Clarion before, figured that he had a Derby coming to him anyway. "I might have won it with Bally Ache in 1960, but we finished second," he said. "Then I thought I'd win it this year with Reflected Glory. When that didn't work out, I still figured—just a hunch, I guess—that it was my year, no matter what horse I rode. I had a real hunch."

Hunch or no hunch, Bobby Ussery's ride at Churchill Downs last week was one of the best in Derby history. Proud Clarion had never won a stakes race—he had won only three of eight lifetime starts—and he still must prove that he is the champion of the 3-year-old division. But no future results can detract from the magnificent performance of this young man and his young horse last week. It was a case of jockey and colt triumphantly combining their individual talents to maximum effect.

Derby Week is a hectic time, especially for trainers, who are expected to spend their mornings answering the prodding questions of turf writers and their evenings feasting on the banquet circuit. Some enjoy the routine, while others find it difficult to open their lives to a small army of sleepy-eyed guys with notebooks who wander casually from barn to barn competing with another small army of bright-blazered troops representing the TV industry. Among those who do not seem to be bothered by the intrusion of the working press are Eddie Neloy, Hirsch Jacobs, Clyde Turk and Frank Childs. Neloy could be a good straight man for Joe E. Lewis if he felt like trying it, and everything about Successor was available for the asking.

continued

Mud-spattered Jockey Bobby Ussery and dapper Owner John Galbreath hold their trophies in winner's circle, getting wet but hardly caring.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE

National Guardsmen line the inside rail as the Derby field races through the clubhouse turn.

For instance, Eddie said flatly, "If the Blue Grass Stakes [in which Successor was fourth] had been run in New York instead of at Keeneland we wouldn't have bothered to ship down to the Derby at all. But here we are in Kentucky, so we'll run."

Hirsch Jacobs and his son John spoke just as frankly about the chances of their California Derby winner Reason to Hail. So did Clyde Turk about the Santa Anita Derby winner, Ruken, Johnny Meaux about the Blue Grass Stakes winner, Diplomat Way; and Frank Childs about Dr. Isby. By contrast, there was a second group of trainers who were either not visited at all by the writers or preferred solitude. Frank Whiteley would take Damascus to the track at 5 a.m. to avoid interviews. He has nothing against the press, but he just doesn't want to be bothered. Boo Gentry, on the other hand, is a young man who has lived through a painfully trying year. He has personal dislikes among the racing reporters and isn't in the least hesitant about expressing himself on the subject of what the press thinks it knows.

A year ago Boo nearly came to the Derby with Galbreath's fine colt, Graustark, but the horse was injured running in the Blue Grass Stakes on a sloppy track and never raced again. Criticized in some quarters for his training methods as well as for having started Graustark in the mud, Gentry has had little to do with many reporters during the past year. And with Darby Dan's racing fortunes hardly rivaling those of the Phippses, few writers gave Boo Gentry much thought, either. During Derby Week, Gentry had Proud Clarion in the same barn with Ruken. Ruken got the attention, and that was fine with Gentry. Even when he got around to talking about Proud Clarion it usually was not with too much enthusiasm. "My best colt this year," he said, "is Graustark's half brother, Cup Race. He can do anything Proud Clarion can do, and twice as well. This colt is our second string, and yet I must admit he's improving every day. Cup Race bucked his shins at Hialeah and won't race until Chicago, then maybe Saratoga. In the meantime we'll have to go it alone with Proud Clarion."

When Galbreath arrived in Louisville and got a look at Proud Clarion, a well-built bay, he exclaimed with delight,

"This colt has changed more in 60 days than any horse I have owned in more than 30 years around the racetrack. He used to be nervous and did a lot of sweating. Then suddenly he started eating and developing. Now he looks like a race horse, and he's starting to run like one, too."

That was true enough. As an 8-to-1 shot in the Blue Grass, his first start in a stakes, Proud Clarion was second to Diplomat Way. It was the kind of improvement that one looks for in a colt who must put his very best foot forward in only nine days. Walking to the paddock at Churchill Downs, in a rain that steadily increased throughout the murky afternoon, Galbreath said he thought Proud Clarion should improve even more, and that a top effort might put him in the money. "But on form," he added, "you've got to go along with Damascus. His record of six wins in eight starts is impressive, and he is the colt we all have to beat." Galbreath glanced up at "Chateaugay" among the names of winners painted on the clubhouse wall. Chateaugay had won for Darby Dan in 1963 at 9-to-1 odds. "What makes the Kentucky Derby the great race that it is," he concluded, "is the tremendous uncertainty about which horses can go the mile and a quarter. This, believe me, is no place for a faint heart."

There was many a faint heart in the stands a few minutes later as Proud Clarion zipped off the third fastest Derby ever (2:00$^{1}/_{5}$) and was drawing away at the finish the way a winner should. At the start, however, it hardly looked as though Proud Clarion and Bobby Ussery would be in the hunt. Barbs Delight, winner of the one-mile Derby Trial just four days before and a son of Bagdad who had yet to lose at Churchill Downs, burst to the front immediately. There was nothing surprising about that, for that is the way this bay likes to run over his favorite track. The two other acknowledged speed horses in the Derby, Dawn Glory and Diplomat Way, took up the pursuit, about as expected. Behind them, in ideal position, were Bill Shoemaker and Damascus. Going by the stands the first time, Ussery had Proud Clarion in ninth place, but free of traffic and saving ground on the inside. Fernando Alvarez had taken back on Ruken after coming out of the inside stall of the starting gate and had only a field horse, Second Encounter, beaten as they charged into the clubhouse turn. Ruken, in fact, never did do much running. Possibly the combination of staying on the rail, where the going was deeper, and taking a heavy load of dirt in the face discouraged him from anything close to his best previous efforts. All Alvarez said later was that Ruken could not seem to take hold of the track.

Up the long backstretch, as the crowd stood in the rain and yelled at a spectacle few could see clearly, it was still Barbs Delight, Dawn Glory, Diplomat Way and Damascus, running their own little race. One had the distinct impression that as this quartet left the half-mile pole Shoemaker had the three leaders measured perfectly and would have them at his mercy whenever he chose to end the suspense. "I was thinking the same thing," said Shoe afterward.

But Bobby Ussery, now alone in eighth place, was doing some thinking, too. "I knew," he said, "that if I was going anywhere I couldn't stay back there on the inside forever. So I started weaving my way up in order to be on the outside on the far turn. Before we got to the half-mile pole Reason to Hail, who was just ahead of me, came out a little. When he did, I moved inside of him. Then I drove up between Lightning Orphan and Field Master, and by the time we got to the five-sixteenths pole, halfway around the far turn, I made the outside and was just starting to run."

Dawn Glory and Diplomat Way had had enough by now. After tracking Barbs Delight through fractions of 22$^{1}/_{5}$, 46$^{3}/_{5}$ and 1:10$^{4}/_{5}$ for six furlongs, on the way to a mile in 1:36, both were ready for honorable retirement. Just as ready was Shoemaker—ready to move up for the kill, to put away Barbs Delight and run down the long stretch for his fourth Kentucky Derby victory. Shoe and Damascus drove, and the crowd roared as it hadn't yet on this dismal day. The noise came not only because Shoemaker and Damascus had signaled their move but because Barbs Delight was not about to quit. And at the same moment, as Damascus was struggling to get by the courageous pacemaker, there were Ussery and Proud Clarion on the far outside, flying like the wind in one magnificent sweeping charge that carried them nearly to the center of the track.

It soon became apparent that Damascus was no longer the challenger and that if Barbs Delight was not going to win this Derby from wire to wire Proud Clarion would have to stop him. These two battled down the stretch, Barbs Delight on the inside and Proud Clarion out where the going was better. (The track was "fast," although wet and a little loose on top.) At the eighth pole Barbs Delight was still a head in front but, Ussery said later, "I knew I had him then." Steadily Proud Clarion pulled away to win by a length.

Barbs Delight—a Maryland-bred who once was sold for $2,000 and is now owned by Lexingtonians Guy Huguelet Jr., Gene Spalding and Trainer Hal Steele Jr.—hung on to be second by a length and a quarter over Damascus, who had the same margin over fourth-place Reason to Hail. Behind them came Ask The Fare, Successor, Gentleman James, Ruken, Diplomat Way, Second Encounter, Dawn Glory, Dr. Ishy, Field Master and Lightning Orphan. None had any excuse, although Jockey Kenny Knapp, on Barbs Delight, insisted his horse was beaten not because he was tiring but because he had started to "watch the crowd in the stretch. He got his mind off running." Damascus had a perfect opportunity and couldn't take it. Reason to Hail cannot do the job, in this company, that his ailing stablemate, Reflected Glory, might have done. And Successor is not the horse he was a year ago.

Proud Clarion may well develop into a top colt. Hail to Reason is an established sire, and the Derby winner's dam, Breath O'Morn, is a daughter of Djeddah and Darby Dunedin, who in turn is a daughter of Blenheim II, sire of Derby winners Jet Pilot and Whirlaway. Blenheim II also sired the dams of three Derby winners, Ponder, Hill Gail and Kauai King. Next week many of the Derby horses will challenge Proud Clarion in the Preakness. After that and the June 3 Belmont Stakes, Proud Clarion's ranking should be clearly established.

Just a few months ago Darby Dan's own estimate of that ranking was considerably different. After a bad race at Hialeah, Proud Clarion had almost been sold; he would have been, except that the prospective buyer backed out. And on Derby morning the trainer was not even sure the colt would start. "He had worked poorly on an off track," said Boo Gentry. "If the rain had begun earlier than it did, we probably would have scratched him." **END**

SOME OLD GRADS GET A HAZING

A group of Notre Dame alumni returned to the campus last weekend for the annual spring football game against the varsity and discovered the hard way (39–0) that their alma mater may well be No. 1 again **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Things were much the same at Notre Dame last week. The weather was awful, and everything looked gray and tired except the football team, which knows better. Terry Hanratty's hair was combed a little longer in front, the better to protect his advancing forehead, he said. Underneath he is still the same shy, humble, modest, prudent, cow-eyed quarterback opponents learned to dread the sight of last fall. He still throws the football with greater accuracy and more revolutions-per-minute than anybody Ara Parseghian ever coached. "You ought to catch him sometime," said Ara on the morning of the Oldtimers game. "You ought to go out and let him throw you a couple. No wasted movement, no wobbles, real tight. Plenty of rpms. And he doesn't have to wind up. He's like Namath. He comes back here to the ear and wham! a shot."

Coley O'Brien, the best second quarterback in college football, was still on his 5,000-calories-a-day diabetic's diet, gulping orange juice and chocolate bars. Chocolate bars? Yes. Chocolate bars, he said. Diabetes is a more attractive disease than it used to be. While he is working to beat Hanratty out of a job, Coley continues to win friends with his midshipman's manners and his resourcefulness. People do not realize how good Coley O'Brien is (he being only No. 2) until they look again at the film of the 10–10 tie with Michigan State and see that insulinized little body rallying the Irish in the second half.

Jim Seymour, the sophomore end who caught all those passes and made (with Hanratty) all those magazine covers last fall, has added to his self-assurance, which was already considerable. Seymour is doing a regular week-night radio show on WSND. He sometimes doubles as a disc jockey. He admits he is getting good at it. He is not likely to pass from natural self-assuredness to cocky self-possession, however, because while he was on the bench tending a bruised shoulder last Saturday Hanratty and O'Brien found a couple of other guys who can catch a football—Paul Snow and Dan Harshman—and they each caught six passes, sometimes spectacularly. The anticipated rout of the oldtimers was undiminished by Seymour's absence.

The score of the annual spring game was 39–0, but that is unimportant. Important is what should have been obvious to rival coaches who were hoping to see otherwise: success has not spoiled Notre Dame's young stars. Notre Dame is here to stay another year, perhaps two or three, unless the bad recruiting season they are now having catches up with them. For those who mourn the graduation of such names as Conjar, Eddy, Page and Lynch, here are just a few new ones to remember: Jockisch, Ziznewski, Gladieux, Racanelli and Kuechenberg, if you can—or try Konieczny, Kuzmicz or Vuillemin. Just try.

The Oldtimers game was a brainstorm of Knute Rockne. It has been played every year but two since 1929 as a service to Notre Dame nostalgics. It does not, unfortunately, do what it was cut out to do—provide the varsity with some revealing competition at the conclusion of spring practice. The varsity reveals very little. Neither does it provide much nostalgia, because the oldtimers are mostly not old. They are seniors fresh off the previous varsity (*e.g.*, Eddy, Conjar, Lynch) and a large detachment of scrubs on loan from the incumbent varsity.

Former Irish luminaries are brought in to dress up the show, but they have usually become goodtimers with midriff bulge, and when they make an appearance it is brief. They try to keep out of harm's way. The professional players who show up are those of modest achievement; if they were not, the pro team would not let them risk injury.

The oldtimers have been coached since 1946 by Bill Earley, a former assistant to Frank Leahy who went on to a richer life selling cardboard in South Bend. Earley is a round-faced man with a voice that roars across a crowded room. He gets a kick out of the game and has the high humor to appreciate his position.

Earley is a regular at the Knights of Columbus lodge, and on the week of the game he can be found there and other places watching for a familiar face or an able body. "Oh, is Pietrosante in town? Tell him I'm looking for him, will you?" Earley is considered an amazing coach because his teams have won four of the 22 games since 1945. Each time his team won, he said, he had worked a proven formula: a heavy contingent of graduating seniors and a quarterback worthy of the name. His four winners were Johnny Lujack, John Mazur, Bob Williams and Ralph Guglielmi.

Earley's window dressing this year was to include Leon Hart, the big end who starred for Leahy's national champions in 1949 and then for the Detroit Lions. Hart had a business commitment. Nick Pietrosante, the fullback of the Browns, was in town the night before the game but had to leave again. Halfback Johnny Lattner, his hair now silver, got in for one poor punt. Red Mack of the Packers played more than any of the legitimate oldtimers and caught four passes. Tackle Gus Cifelli made his 18th straight appearance a brief one.

Earley says it gets tougher to put together a team every year, and Parseghian admits there will have to be a change in the format. Notre Dame alumni are spread out all over the country, and there is no travel budget. Those who come in for the game usually arrive on Thursday, and Earley figures if all goes well he will have one day, Friday, to practice. On Thursday night he consorts

with a group of Ara's assistants at Eddie's, and they rib him about running up to the press box to hide before the game was over in 1965, when the final score was 72–0.

What saves the game, of course, are the seniors and the varsity scrubs, because they know all the plays and are in shape. Also there are a few ground rules laid down to neutralize the aggressiveness of Assistant Coach John Ray's varsity defense, to wit, no red-dogging.

"We cannot," said Earley to Ray on Thursday night, "afford to let you kill one of our alumni quarterbacks. It would not look good in the papers."

Last year, Earley said, Ray could not control himself. "I looked up and there were his linebackers, pouring in on our helpless quarterback. Red-dogging."

Earley ran around the field and braced Ray on the varsity sidelines.

"You're red-dogging."

"No we're not, we're just wiping off [linebackers reacting quickly to the ballcarriers]. Go back on the other side where you belong. Besides, you're red-dogging."

"Nobody said *we* couldn't red-dog."

Last year Earley got Coley O'Brien for a few plays, out of the goodness of Ara Parseghian's heart. Coley took the oldtimers on a 60-yard drive downfield.

The next thing Earley knew the student manager was at his elbow. "What do you want?" Earley asked him.

"O'Brien," he said.

"You can't have O'Brien."

"Ara wants him back."

Goodby, O'Brien.

The game this year took on a new dimension: it was nationally televised by ABC-TV in competition with the Kentucky Derby on another network. Beano Cook, the megaphone behind the voices of ABC, stood up in the press box when Ray's defensive line—which compares in size to the Los Angeles Rams's—smothered a play and announced grandly, "There are more horses here than there are at the Kentucky Derby. ABC has done it again."

Parseghian, meanwhile, experienced an unusually relaxed week, for him. He looked healthy. He was well-tanned. He played some golf. He smiled through appointments and interviews. He said he had cut down drastically on speaking engagements and appearances, and after the heavy mid-winter snow he had taken his wife to Hawaii where they had relaxed on the white beaches for nine days. He said he had needed it. Ara is a gung-ho man who does not enter a conversation that he does not speed up. He is capable of some terrific needling if he likes you, and he may even teach you how to putt whether you want him to or not (he plays golf to a four handicap), but he is not an extrovert like, say, the irrepressible Coach Ray, his right arm. Ara has to push himself. If he could be Notre Dame's head coach and No. 1 in the polls without ever answering another question he would like it fine, but he accepts the responsibility with what might be called an intense resignation, knowing it is part of the job.

In an unusual scene, Ara Parseghian shares a smile with an "opponent"—old grad Jim Lynch.

He has finally come to realize, too, that in the superaccentuated world of Notre Dame football, he cannot please everyone no matter how hard he tries. To facilitate telephone interviews, his publicist, Roger Valdiserri, put Ara's answers to stock questions on tape so that he would not have to answer the same question 4,000 times. "And would you believe it?" says Parseghian. "A radio guy in St. Louis rapped me."

Ara says he finally got over the criticism of "going for the tie" in the 10–10 game with Michigan State, knowing that within himself and among his staff he had done the right thing and wishing in a way that he could invite each critic into his office and explain the circumstances and what went on in his mind and on the sidelines in those final hectic moments. He thinks then they would realize that he had made the correct decision. He also said he had received only three ties for Christmas.

The one thing bothering Ara now is his recruiting program. It has been the leanest year for signing high school boys to play at Notre Dame since Parseghian arrived four years ago. "It was a gradual realization," he said. "Suddenly we woke up in April and realized we hadn't signed many of the boys we were really after. Some of them we were after for two years. Concerned? You're damn right I was concerned. I was alarmed." You can hear those teardrops falling in East Lansing.

If the Notre Dame recruiting is truly bad, it will not show up for two years or more, and it is always possible that Parseghian will be able to recoup next year. Besides, he says, you never know how they're going to turn out. "When I first saw Hanratty and that little O'Brien, I thought, 'Oh, no, what are we getting ourselves in for?' It didn't take long to find out." END

CROSSED-UP GOLF AT HOUSTON

One of the sights at the Champions was South Africa's cross-handed Indian, and another was Frank Beard crossing up the odds to take a title away from Palmer for the second time in a month

by MARK MULVOY

They may all wear white socks and chew gum and crack ice cubes with their teeth, anything to be irritating, but there is, nevertheless, one thing you must like about Texans: when they call something an international event it does not mean they are just inviting some country folk from Pennsylvania or Kentucky to come on down for a long weekend.

The Houston Champions International golf tournament, played last week over the Cypress Creek course that will be the site of the Ryder Cup matches between U S and British professionals this October, seemed at times like a Berlitz reunion. The American household names were there, of course, doing their normal household chores: Arnold Palmer making birdies on five of the last seven holes one day, Billy Casper one-putting 12 greens and shooting a course-record 65 on the next and Jack Nicklaus being penalized two strokes for delay of game and ending up as a TV commen-

Displaying the strangest stroke in the pro game, Sewgolum comes into a wood shot as hard as he can (left) and hits a smooth approach.

tator describing how Frank Beard beat Palmer to win another 'lil old $23,000. There was also Ben Hogan, who did not get tired walking the fairly flat terrain as he played meticulously and finished tied for third, Masters Champion Gay Brewer, who looked tired and played tired, and Doug Sanders, who limped and then withdrew, having developed a drop of water on the knee after a poolside fall one night.

But do you know Jean Garaialde? Well, he is the French national champion from Versailles, and he speaks English well enough to respond to the Texan in Bermuda shorts who quite smartly said "Mishoor Gene" to him. Or Ramon Sota? He is from Santander, Spain and insists that you do not say he is from Madrid, because he does not particularly like that city. Or Wilf Homenuik? He is from Winnipeg, Man., and it probably is snowing there right now.

Nor was that the end of Houston's foreign-entry list. In their desire to have an interesting international field, Jimmy Demaret and Jack Burke, who run the Champions, invited the most unusual pro golfer in the world today, Sewsunker (Papwa) Sewgolum, a 37-year-old Hindu from Durban, South Africa. Papwa plays the game cross-handed. This means he grips the club with his left hand below his right, a frightening sight to behold. That he can get the club back at all is a tribute to the resiliency of the human body. "If I tried to do that I would break both my wrists," says Casper.

Strangely enough, both Papwa's backswing and follow-through look smooth and normal. The grip does restrict the distance of his shots, particularly his drives, which rarely exceed 225 yards, but it also enables him to control his shots with remarkable accuracy. He missed only two fairways off the tee during his first three rounds.

Papwa was competing in the U.S. for the first time, and he was playing a 7,100-yard course, which was 500 yards longer than any he had ever seen before. "I don't mind hitting woods for my second shot on the par-4s once in a while," he said, "but here I do it all the time. I even have to hit woods on the par-3s."

The cross-handed swing was only a part of Papwa's mystique. He dressed almost like a caddie, even wearing a button-front shirt with rolled-up short sleeves—no clothing manufacturer anywhere is sending him a dozen pair of slacks and mock turtleneck shirts every month. He stands only 5′4″ and weighs 150 pounds, most of it located around his middle. He is happy to talk to anyone who wants to chat with him on the course. One lady came up and asked him if Papwa was the name of his tribe back home, and he started to laugh. "Oh, no," he said. "Papwa means 'small child.' " But he did not smile when a marshal told him, "The way you hit the ball is ridiculous." "Why?" Papwa said. "The ball goes perfect, doesn't it?"

Papwa started playing cross-handed when he learned the game as a 14-year-old caddie in Durban and has stuck with his swing except for a brief period when he tried to play the normal way and saw his handicap go from two to seven.

He turned pro in 1958 and, until the South African government strengthened its *apartheid* policies concerning athletic competitions more than a year ago, he played in most of the open tournaments in South Africa. Very often, according to South African Harold Henning, Papwa scored better than either Gary Player or Henning himself. Now Papwa can play only in the nonwhite tournaments, which he generally wins, but the first prize is rarely more than $100, and he has a wife and five children to support.

Last winter an Indian businessman in Durban told Papwa that he would pay the plane fare to the U.S. and Europe, and when Gary Player helped arrange the invitation to the Champions tournament, Papwa decided to come.

It has not been an uneventful trip. He lost his suitcase and golf clubs at customs in Los Angeles, but did not realize it until he arrived in Houston. It took two days for his things to catch up with him. Meanwhile, he was trying to enter two other U.S. tournaments during his stay. Because he does not have an official player's card, he can compete in only three events in the U.S., and he must be invited by the respective tournament sponsors. An invitation to the New Orleans Open, being held this weekend, was managed, but Papwa did not know if New Orleans was in the next state or the next continent, and he was worried about transportation costs. Discovering that he could fly to New Orleans for $24 was a pleasant surprise and left him able to concentrate on his golf, which was astonishingly good until he ate a Texas fried-chicken dinner on Saturday night. An ulcer victim, he became violently ill and was hardly able to get to the course on Sunday, but he still shot a 78. This, when put with his earlier 75-73-73, gave him a 299 that tied such name pros as Bobby Nichols and Charley Sifford.

While Sewgolum added interest to the Champions field, it was Nicklaus, Palmer and Beard who made the news. On the second day of the tournament Nicklaus, who is a slow player, was paired with Al Geiberger, who usually moves at a normal rate, and Cary Middlecoff. In his prime Middlecoff was the slowest tour pro in captivity. Now that he is 46 years old, he has slowed up. The result was predictable. As Nicklaus and his group teed off on 16, the threesome ahead of them was putting out on 18. At that moment Jack Tuthill, the PGA tournament director, decided to penalize each of them two strokes for slow play. When Nicklaus was told he angrily sent his pilot to rev up his airplane and informed a PGA official he was withdrawing because of "shin splints." But he later calmed down and agreed to stay. Geiberger registered his protest the next day when he teed off on the first hole, threw his driver to his caddie and ran down the fairway toward his ball.

Meanwhile, Palmer was shooting a second-day 66 that included his brilliant birdie streak, and he looked like a certain winner even when he followed it up with a rather uninspired 70 on Saturday.

An early leader can usually throw in a 70 in a big tournament and still be safe, but when he follows it with a 71 he is likely to be in more trouble than a cross-handed Indian, and that is what Palmer did. With nine holes to play on Sunday he was three strokes up on Frank Beard, but then Beard chipped in on the 12th for a birdie, and when Palmer three-putted his lead was almost gone.

The Houston Champions now became a replica of the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas a month ago, where Beard fought Palmer gamely and then birdied the last hole to win. That time Beard sank an 8-footer. This time he needed an 18-footer to win. As Palmer watched, Beard hit his putt very hard, and squarely into the center of the cup. Palmer grimaced. He looked as if his stomach hurt, and he hadn't even had fried chicken. **END**

ANOTHER MARIETTA MUD PUDDLE

Beating the other crews to the finish line is only a small part of oarsmanship on the Ohio River. The real challenge lies in trying to find a moment of calm between floods, dry enough so the race can be rowed **by HAROLD PETERSON**

Fate has seldom been kind to nautical enterprise on the Ohio River, particularly that part of it that flows past Marietta, Ohio. There in 1806 Aaron Burr attempted to launch his ill-starred armada from Blennerhassett Island and somehow failed to set up a new empire to rival the U.S. A century and a half later, in 1950, some equally ambitious naval powers succeeded at last in persuading the Intercollegiate Rowing Association to leave its tradition-crusted stronghold in Poughkeepsie and to stage its annual regatta on the Ohio. The river responded by staging its annual floods weeks later than ever before and thus put drifting houses, floating barns, waterborne trees and an occasional drowned cow in direct competition with the racing shells of the finest crews in the U.S. When the same thing happened again the following year, the IRA fled east and set up its race on a lake near Syracuse, N.Y.

Despite such setbacks, the oarsmen of the Midwest, largely sparked by those of Marietta College itself, have remained determined to give their sport a prestige equal to that which it enjoys on the East and West coasts. Last week, after months of careful preparation, they staged the Third Annual Mid-America Regatta, hoping as usual that the waters would recede from the face of the earth and all nature would smile. Some 25 crews from 10 midwestern colleges turned up, including boatloads from Kansas State, Purdue, Michigan State, Alabama (Huntsville branch) and, of course, Marietta. More than 5,000 spectators were expected to picnic on the grassy banks and cheer them on. So what happened? If you cry easily, you'd better stop reading right now.

Rain is what happened. Cold, slow and sullen, it started falling Friday afternoon, just about the time arriving crews began to go out for practice. It never stopped. It just got harder and colder.

Mud—sticky, gluey, oozing Ohio River mud—began swallowing up the gravel that had been laboriously shoveled onto the campground by Marietta students. It sucked at the tents, the newly mown grass, the new docks, the boats. One rather expected a gloh to rise up and ingest some unwary child.

Cars got stuck. Traffic snarled. Powerboats conked out. Buoys drifted. Races ran late. For the crestfallen Pioneers of Marietta, there was only one ray of sunshine in the whole business, but it was a bright one: their crews won every race.

In the 2,000-meter varsity race Marietta had started at 42 for 25 strokes, settled to an easy 36, upped the count to 39-40, went back to 36, stroked 10 at 38 and finished at 39. It was, as Stroke Charlie Edwards explained, the Pioneers' usual race plan, "our best groove."

Big Purdue, behind in the running start, had begun dramatically, opening a two-length lead above 42. Characteristically pausing at the end of each stroke, it then understroked the field through the body of the race, with one midcourse power 15. Sprinting all the way from 1,500 meters on, it came close to catching up, but the Pioneers won, as they always seem to in recent years.

Marietta's first race was held way back in 1878, complete with lawn parties and a ball, but the most recent and massive escalation of crew fortunes at Marietta followed the arrival of Coach Ralph Lindamood in 1959. Lindamood himself rowed only one year for Marietta, but in the last three years his varsity has lost only one race. Without denigrating men like Kansas State's Don Rose, who coached three years at Columbia and who, as much as any single man, was responsible for the revival of the Mid-America, it is fair to say that Lindamood and Marietta are the main motivating force in Midwest collegiate crew.

Defeat is now rare at Marietta, but trouble remains a permanent bystander in all midwestern rowing. Kansas State treks across mud flats to set its shells into Tuttle Creek and rows in 20-mph winds. Minnesota and St. Thomas often row through snow wearing mittens. Wayne State of Detroit has raced through whitecaps on Wolverine Lake, and Notre Dame lives in terror that the sheriff's men will come and reclaim its only good shell, because the installment payments are always late.

Last week the St. Thomas crew slept at the home of their coach's brother at Chanute Air Force Base—15 men on the living-room floor—en route to Marietta, but that is only routine. Some 200 other visiting crewmen camped out in Marietta College's field house, and they were touchingly appreciative of what they considered luxury accommodations. Since rowing, of all sports, seems least favored by college athletic associations in the Bible Belt, almost all of the crews have to pay club dues and spend their own money for travel, food and incidentals. The Alabama crew has to practice between 6 a.m. and 8 a.m. because its coach has a full-time job.

For all their inurement to such tribulation, Mariettans can still get a little bitter about their rowing-weather misfortunes. "Have you ever seen grown men cry?" former Coach Bill Wiant asked after the fiascos of 1950-51. "Dozens of us had worked weeks, solid weeks, for the IRAs. Friday night before the race, at the very height of the banquet, during the very speech in which an IRA official was commending us and our course, there was the most terrifying clap of thunder. We all rushed out and watched the rain come down. Pigs and cows, barns and outhouses started coming down river, and people kept asking, 'Bill, what'll we do, what'll we do, what'll we *do*?' I don't mind admitting that I stood out on the end of that dock and cried."

Even with the clean sweep of victories on the river, it was like that again last week. After one race, one of the veterans of '50 and '51 squilped through the mud to return a starter's gun to Athletic Director William O. Whetsell. "Got any cartridges left in it?" Whetsell asked. "No," said the disheartened man. "I used the last one on myself." **END**

While officials and spectators huddle under a makashift tant (top), Mariette's Charles Edwards strokes his Pioneer crew to damp victory.

VIVA! BUT HIDE YOUR WOMEN

Italy's Giacomo Agostini is the world motorcycle racing champion and a men to be admired, but you've had it, Antonio, if the girl friend yeerns to run a fingertip over his magnificent mug ***by BOB OTTUM***

His name is Giacomo Agostini, and he poses most of the time as just plain mild-mannered, handsome, glittering Super Italian. In moments of crisis he strips and changes quickly into a skintight, soft black leather costume, with black leather mask and soft black boots, and roars off on a motorcycle that looks a whole lot like a torpedo. He lives on the far edge of life, where most men are afraid to go, at a kind of blinding speed punctuated by crashes. He always recovers from the accidents, ministered to by platoons of stunning, pliant girls; he is cool, scarred and bold. He also is 24 years old, which is a wonder.

You must understand right away this special magic of a motorcycle rider in Europe. We know all about riders in the U.S., and you can have most of them. We have heard about Hell's Angels, although their virility is now so suspect they might be called Heck's Angels. To us, motorcycle riders have a vague bad image we cannot quite pinpoint, perhaps because they look too much like Marlon Brando and not enough like Steve McQueen.

Not in Europe. And never in Italy. An Angel or anyone of that breed would not be fit to carry Agostini's oilcan. Motorcycling is not a social rite, or occasionally chic, as it is here. It is a special way of life in Europe. All along the broken-nose and skinned-elbow circuit, at badly kept little tracks like Modena and Imola and Ulster, the roar of motorcycle racing rattles the blood of thousands. People see in it a form of fine, sensible insanity, like knife-fighting or letting the bulls chase you through the streets of Pamplona—which also makes

a lot of sense if you don't think about it too long.

All through the summer, the racers speed on a crushing weekly schedule: race and skid and crash and then make love and drink wine. Only the flintiest survive to make a great deal of money, which means nothing to them. The rest earn trophies, rings and jeweled watches, which also are not important. But they all get covered with glory, which is what motorcycle racing is really about.

Giacomo Agostini is the world champion, the No. 1 man, moving through it all with the heavy-eyed look every Italian man unconsciously assumes at puberty, and living by a creed that sifts down through a translator in one sentence. "He says," explains the translator, drawing a picture in the air, " 'I want to do everything I can – while I can.' "

For Giacomo Agostini, doing everything begins at the Autodrome at Modena, where he races and practices. The Autodrome also is a test track for Enzo Ferrari, who builds some of the world's reddest and fastest race cars at his factory not far away. Ferrari knows that anyone who has the stomach lining and reflexes it takes to drive well on two wheels usually can drive extremely well on four. And everyone around Modena will tell you confidentially that one day Agostini will end up driving a Ferrari on the international circuit. Another motorcycle champion, John Surtees, made the transition not too many years ago and in 1964 won the world title in Grand Prix cars.

There are days when everybody shares the Modena track, with new Ferrari P4 cars and 500-cc. cycles all weaving and darting around the courses. It doesn't take much to get a crowd in Modena: the town comes down to watch. As an extra attraction the Modena Aero Club joins the scene with an armada of incredibly battered old planes, taking off and landing in the infield and then taxiing across the track. Off to one side Ferrari will stand there, anonymous behind his tinted glasses, and watch Agostini with a look of purest speculation. It seems clear Enzo has plans for him.

The Italian moviemakers are also watching. They see in Agostini the charisma of another Marcello Mastroianni. What they really have is a black-haired version of Jimmy Dean, whose special look and smoldering face launched a thousand teeny-ships. Before this race season started, Agostini had already sailed through one movie test with enormous natural elan and producers were talking contract. After the year is over, he says, he will listen to them. To Giacomo, after motorcycles there is nothing tough about acting.

Unquestionably, he *has* presence. In one scene at Damiano's in Gallarate, the best restaurant in that small north Italian town, he ushered a party in and told the waiter, "*I'll* make the salad—to see that it is done right." Emotions over food run high in Gallarate, and nearly anyone but Agostini would be asking for a duel with steak knives with talk like that. The manager of the place came over, bowing, and asked for an autographed picture.

Agostini went out to his car and came back with a photograph, and sat staring at it for a long time. "What shall I write on it?" he said. Then he snapped his fingers in inspiration, uncapped a felt-tipped pen and wrote, neatly: "At Damiano's restaurant, we EAT for the world championship," and looked around the table triumphantly. He bent back to the picture and signed "Agostini" with a flourish, and the manager promptly pinned the picture up on the wall behind the cash register so everyone could see it.

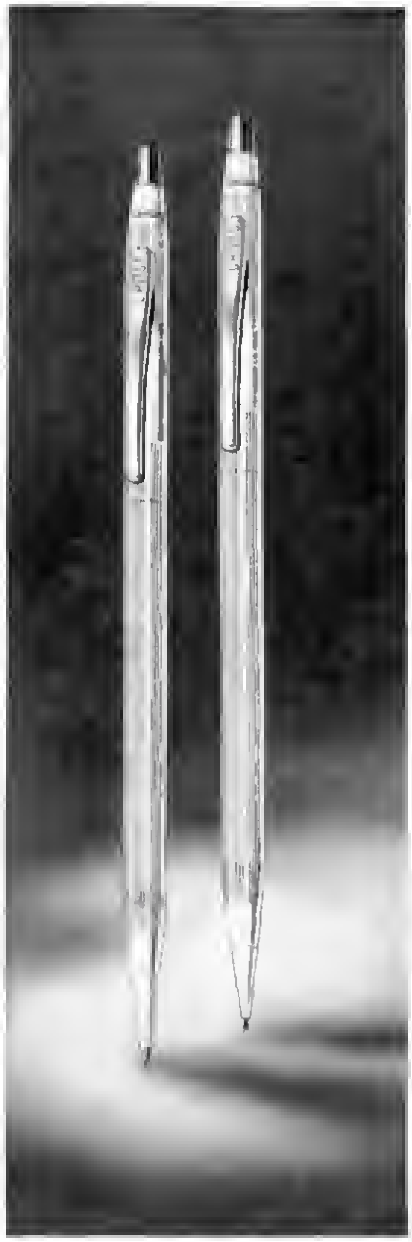
"Agostini, he mixes his own salad," he said importantly.

Agostini ordered wine, checked the label carefully, felt the bottle for temperature and then sipped it for taste. "Good," he said, rolling the wine and a little English around on his tongue. "You must drink it. But as for me—" he shrugged elaborately—"I cannot. It is sad. In the racing season I must not eat too much *pasta* and must drink—" he turned to his translator inquiringly.

"*Poco*," the man said.

continued

THE WINNING STYLE of Giacomo Agostini is partly a vigorous way of riding the world's hottest motorcycle, partly a lambent grin



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Agostini nodded. "I must drink only a little wine, for I must stay healthy to race the motorbikes." He leaned back and flashed the brilliant smile. "I weigh 65 kilos now, and my ideal racing weight is 63 kilos."

Agostini is 1.74 meters tall, or 5′7″. He has hazel eyes and black hair that always looks sculptured. Surprisingly, he has all of his fingers and toes and his teeth are perfectly in line.

As Agostini dined, the manager began to lead parties to their tables on an involved route that took them past Giacomo, and they all looked at him with that wonderful Italian openness, and he looked back at them.

"You like miniskirts?" asked Agostini, pointing to a leggy girl who was being restrained from leaping on him only by the iron thread of chaperoned propriety. "On Italian women I don't like them. Italian women are not miniskirt women, they are women of the *heart*. But on English girls—" he made a circle with his thumb and forefinger—"yes! I spent three months in London last year, and the English girls, ahhhh. Lovely. I went to a special school there to learn to speak the English because one day I will race cars in America.

"It was after my third accident last year. I have three accidents a year for the last three years. This year, I hope maybe no. But . . ." he shrugged again. "Anyway, I had crashed in Germania with 150 kilometers to go. Only 150 kilos, and I hit this little spot of oil on the track. I went through the Plexiglas windscreen and I rolled very far, maybe 100 meters, over and over.

"I wanted to finish the race. But there was so much blood I could not. I had this long cut on my right ankle, here." He pointed it out and everyone in the restaurant leaned over and looked, nodding at each other seriously.

"They put my leg in—how you say? a cast." He leaned back again. "So I rented this little flat in a building where there were many English girls who were —" He looked at the translator again.

"Maids?" the man said. He had heard the story before.

"Ah, maids," said Agostini. "And they would go out in the morning and work in the homes of the very rich, and they would come back in the evening and come to my room and visit me." He smiled again.

Now it was time to practice. Outside the restaurant a small band of people had formed a friendly gantlet between him and his car. The car was dirty. Someone had written with a finger, "*Viva Agostini!*" on the windshield.

The car is a little Porsche 912, one of the few in the so-called "Golden Triangle," Italy's industrial area of Milano-Varese-Bergamo, where most of the people who can afford such expensive toys prefer Italian ones. Agostini drives the Porsche with careless skill, slumped at the wheel while he talks, one hand free for gesturing, weaving the car easily around trucks and tired old men carrying bundles of firewood on bicycles.

"I like to have the fast car," he said. "It is nice. Racing gets you the money, and with money you can buy the nice things. You like this color? It is yellow."

Actually, it is not yellow. It is more burnt gold, or the color of a rejected banana, but it looks just right and it purrs. Inside, Giacomo has a religious medal pasted to the dashboard with "*Buon Viaggio*" printed on it, and a stereo tape deck that plays 20 minutes of something gentle called *The Pretty Things*. But there is no such medal pasted to his motorcycle.

"You cannot be superstitious in this thing," he says. "Otherwise I would never start a race, you see? If you have some lucky object, then you would not have it one day and you would have to start to race without it and you would get killed, right?" He also has obviously seen an old Mickey Rooney movie or two.

Along one leg of the golden triangle, on the outskirts of Gallarate, Count Giovanni Agusta maintains a sprawling factory that builds helicopters and, in one special building, assembles the most fearful motorcycles in the world. Agusta over the years has won 49 world championship motorcycle racing trophies, the last one, for 1966, was won by Agostini.

Franco Chiesa, who sells helicopters, is lean and plays basketball for an Italian industrial league, is the only man in town this day who can speak English, so he talks.

"We have special permission to show you the track," he says. "So we will go out there and Agostini will show you how he rides the machine. I myself have ridden one once. I would not ride one of them again if you paid me a million of your American dollars. You will see."

Gallarate lies in a clammy gray fog;

continued

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the test track is out behind the factory, consisting of a lonely black-top road guarded by men with slit eyes. Curves at each end of the road vanish off into an out-of-focus filminess. The yellow Porsche pulls up and stops and Agostini gets out, in black double-breasted blazer, gray slacks, carefully knotted tie. He also is wearing black-and-tan high-top square-toed shoes with pearl buttons up the sides. They are the most beautiful shoes in Italy.

The whole scene smacks so much of Fellini that—seeing Agostini pull off his clothes standing there in that faint daylight—it is like looking through cheesecloth or whatever it is the Italians put over the lenses of their movie cameras. There are faint beads of water on the roof and windshield of the Porsche, and far across the field the background trees are all fuzzy and damp. The air is perfectly quiet except for the faint metallic clicks of a mechanic working on the champion's motorcycle.

Agostini pulls off his tie, shirt, undershirt, pants—methodically, heavy-eyed, like a man preparing for a religious rite. He holds the pants up by the cuffs and shakes them all straight and then puts them carefully across the front seat. In his undershorts, very routine shorts for the rest of the clothes, he walks around to the trunk and opens it, takes out a crash helmet and sets it aside and then tugs on a faded maroon turtle-neck shirt. Then he unfolds the racing suit.

The black leathers fit so tightly he has to raise his shoulders sharply to zip up the front from between his legs; it fastens closely at the neck, and the wrists and ankles zip closed. He pulls on the boots that could have been made by a deadly Courrèges and zips them up the back. Then he tugs on his racing gloves and, punching them between the fingers to tighten them, he walks over and looks at the machine. So far no one has spoken. This is where Fellini would cut to title and credits; it is a natural break. The mechanic nods and backs away, the sparkplug wrench in his hand. Agostini pulls a comb from a small chamois case and carefully combs his hair. Then he puts on the helmet. It is striped, fore and aft, in green, white and red, the Italian colors. He snaps the black leather mask across his face and pulls down the goggles. With that gesture he changes identity. The Racer. Super Italian.

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There is not too much you must know about this 500-cc. cycle. It is a giant, about 300 pounds of runaway beast. It is clumsily streamlined. The windscreen arcs back over the rider and he crouches tightly doubled over, hugging the motorcycle between his legs, his chest against the gas tank and his head forward under the shield. There are no chrome refinements, no mufflers, no buddy seat or leather saddlebags with shiny studs. Agusta builds his racing machines all engine, wheels, drive-chain and gas tank. It winds up to roughly 70 horsepower, and Agostini has just hurled it along the test track at 218 kilometers an hour—135 mph.

"There is nothing instinctive about driving it," says Chiesa, shivering with the sound. "You must keep your feet on the pedals and balance it with your knees; you open one leg, it creates drag. You lean and the cycle turns. To turn left, you do not turn the wheel. You hold out your left knee and lean.

"But there is much more to do. You shift gears with your right foot pedal and brake with both the left pedal and your right-hand grip. You also apply the throttle with your right hand and work the clutch. You watch the rpms—the gauge is just under your nose. You run it at 11 or 12 and drop it to 10 and shift gears. You have six gear changes, sometimes seven, to work it up to top speed. On one lap around a track you must change the gears maybe 15 times or more. This you do smoothly or you lose the cycle and, sometimes, you fly."

From the other direction Agostini takes shape again, roaring out of the fog. The big machine shudders to a stop,

continued

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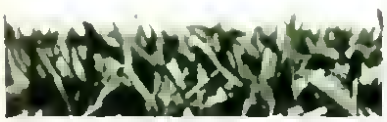

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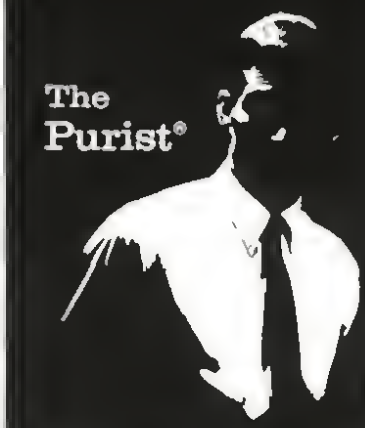

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and the mechanic steps out with the wrench again. "Two eighteen," he says, giving the time, and Agostini pulls up his goggles, unsnaps the mask and smiles. He becomes Agostini again.

The back left shoulder of his suit is badly scratched and tortured; the ragged lines run down to his flanks. The backs of the boots are scraped raw. He put all the marks there last season in the Milano Marittima when he hit another oil spot coming off a tight corner, leaning at 79 miles an hour, and the motorcycle spilled. It hurled him onto the track and he bounced and skidded and rasped 160 meters. When he finally stopped sliding, he lay there with his hands over his face and prayed that the other cycles would not run over him.

"Then," he says, "I touched myself carefully all over before getting up. I was all there, so I got up. The engine, it stops, but the bike, it keeps going. It was in the middle of the race and I was leading. It was raining very hard and the *piste* was so slippery"—he grinned, his teeth white against the black mask hanging at his chin—"you are all leaned forward, see, and you always look under your arms to see who is behind you. I did not have time to think very much. Except perhaps, 'Mother of God!' These things happen, you know. It is mostly oil spots on the road or the sudden cutting of the engine if you are trying to go over the maximum revolutions.

"When I risk such things—going over the maximum—I know I will maybe make a fall. But I must risk it, else how can I win?

"I was in shock for a time, but I woke up again and the doctors sewed 13 stitches across my nose and sewed seven in my right hand . . ."

Now, a year later, it is better than a saber scar. It is perfect, and women run the tips of their fingers over the new scar and shudder delicately. And he smiles and looks at them through those heavy hazel eyes because he likes being the champion of all the world in this insane sport and the gentle moments and women are as much a part of the reward as the money and trophies.

Agostini was always this way. Listen to wise old Dante Lambertini, who was Agostini's first mechanic—he works for Morini Motorcycles, a competitor—and who is like a Cus D'Amato hunting for just one more champ before he quits. Standing at the side of the Modena test

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track, the sun glinting from his gold eyetooth, his white hair rumpled and with years of grease accumulated in the pores of his nose. Lambertine says: "Since 18 years old I know him, Agostini. He first came to me. I could see immediately, I promise you, that he was a world champion. On motorcycles the champions are born, not made. It is a natural daring you can feel, it washes you all over, this feeling, and you look and you *know*.

"When one is not born a champion, one begins to dare too much on the bike and it is better for him to stop. Agostini has a feeling for the speed, for the turns. That is all, a feeling. He listens to the engine and it sings to him and he hears what it is telling him."

Agostini heard the song early enough. He comes from Brescia, where there are more bicycles and motorbikes than cars, because not many people there can afford anything more.

"When I was 10," Agostini says, "I had a 250-cc. Guzzi. Not mine, really. It belonged to the man who made the bread for our village. And to ride the bike I would deliver the bread for him. But I was still so small I had to drive the bike up alongside a wall to stop so I could put out my foot and balance it.

"What does a boy do? I went to the eighth year in the intermediate school and then to the classic high school for two years. But I was mad about motorbikes, so I quit. From 10 to 18 I owned six or seven motorbikes. But they were —how you say?—tourist models." He made a face. "Then at 18 I started to race for Morini, until 1964. But he wouldn't let me race for the world title. He didn't think we could win it.

"Then Count Agusta called me to come over and have the first talkings. He proposed me to run for him and I accepted and started in 1965 as a team with Mike Hailwood."

Getting a call from Agusta to have the "first talkings" is roughly like being brought up from the farm club to open in the Series. Agusta dominates the European racing scene, so much so that he only enters bikes now in the 350- and 500-cc. classes. Britain's Hailwood, who some people still say is the best in the world, took the Agusta marque to victory from 1962 to 1965 in the senior class. Then Hailwood went over to Honda, and Agostini stunned everybody by beating his teammate out of the title at Monza in late 1966.

continued

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Interest in the sport is wild. Crowds of more than 300,000 attend the East German Grand Prix at Sachsenring, which, in attendance at least, makes it a sort of Red Indy. At Assen in The Netherlands the roar of the big machines draws crowds up to 200,000, and in the Isle of Man they take over the place.

And Super Italian has started fast for another title. At the Modena opener this spring he set a new lap record of 79.86 mph, but after misfiring finished ninth. He won Riccione, setting a new record average speed of 77.78 mph; won Cervia; and, hunched over the gas tank of his red-and-gray No. 1 Agusta, blew everybody off at Cesenatico. Hailwood's old lap record was an impressive 88.10 mph. Agostini made it 94.72 mph.

He has not, at this writing, "made the fall," as he puts it. He would like to put in a season without the three crashes, if it is all the same to everyone else.

He folds the black leather suit carefully and puts it back into the Porsche and heads off for the next meet. They are mostly in small towns and on unkempt tracks, and the people who attend are solidly working-class. They wear the same dull gray sweaters under their coats; the coat and pants never match. No matter. They know solid terror when they see it, and they understand the sensible insanity of it all.

Chiesa stands and watches Agostini pull away. "He is *simpatico* to everybody, to the world," he says, sighing. "What a figure of a man in that tight black suit, no? What a brave one he is to ride with death from now until September. He makes much money now and he has a fine watch and ring and big trophies in Signor Agusta's office. Life is very fast when you are 24 and so handsome you break hearts. . . ."

The car turned the corner past the guards and was swallowed up in the fog.

"Ah, yes," said Chiesa. "He wants to do everything he can—while he can. Now all summer, in little towns all over Europe, the young secretaries look out the window when they see that yellow Porsche coming and they say, 'Ahhh, Agostini's back in town!' " END

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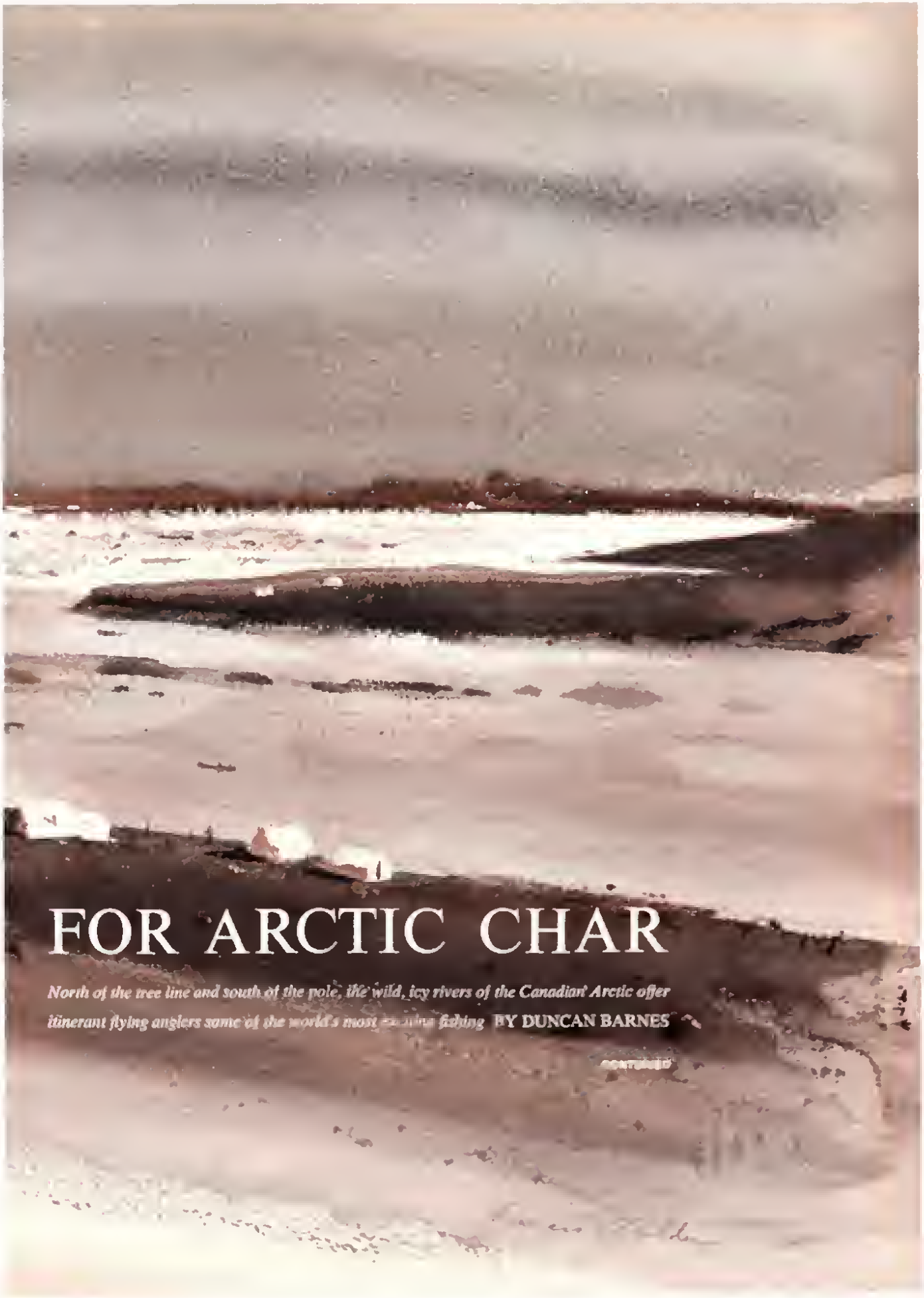


FOR ARCTIC CHAR

North of the tree line and south of the pole, the wild, icy rivers of the Canadian Arctic offer itinerant flying anglers some of the world's most exciting fishing BY DUNCAN BARNES

CONTINUED

You won't find the name on maps of the Canadian Arctic, but you can trace the course of the Ski-Mo River as it meanders through the rolling tundra on the west coast of Victoria Island in the Northwest Territories, gathering volume from trickling feeder streams until it finally roars down a mile-long chute and gushes into Albert Edward Bay, an ice-choked arm of the Arctic Ocean. For 10 months of the year the tundra is tortured by howling winds, drifting snow and temperatures down to 55° below, and the river's standing rapids and swirling backwater pockets are locked in solid ice. But in mid-July, when the ice finally begins to boom, cracking apart and drifting out to sea, and the tiny arctic flowers and the mosses, the lichens and the thick mists rolling off the river give the land a stark, almost *dreamlike look, something is happening* in the Ski-Mo. Sleek, racy arctic char, their bellies taut after nine months of hibernation in the dark waters, begin to move downriver and out to sea to feed. For the next 50 days or so, until mid-September, when the drifting sea ice moves back into the river, flying sportsmen can go to the "friendly Arctic" and enjoy some of the most exclusive fishing in the world.

One of the endearing qualities of the arctic char is that few of your friends have ever heard of the fish, let alone caught one or tasted its sweet, delicate flesh. They may have heard of the landlocked species of char, a glacial relic confined to lakes, but it is of minor importance. The more highly prized arctic char is anadromous. It runs to the sea at ice-out and returns again sometime in August. In an age when Americans fly all the way to Patagonia or New Zealand to catch trout, the arctic char is still virtually undiscovered. It was only five years ago that this game fish really became known to the outside. Last summer fewer than 1,000 anglers flew to the Canadian Arctic to catch char, and most of them concentrated on proven stretches of fast water in reputation rivers. But from Labrador north and west throughout the remote arctic archipelago as far as Alaska thousands of other rivers teem with char.

The arctic char (*Salvelinus alpinus*) belongs to the same family of fishes as the lake trout, the Dolly Varden trout and the eastern brook trout, which is roughly equivalent to classifying the leopard and house tabby as cats. There is a world of difference for the fisherman who has caught all four. *S. alpinus* is really two fishes in one. There is the sea-run char, the bright silver-blue fish with faint pink spots that runs to the salt at ice-out to gorge on small baitfish, snails and clams and then, with the same unerring homing instinct of the Atlantic salmon, returns to the same river in mid-August, fat, saucy and covered with sea lice. Although it has minute scales, the silver char is a dead ringer for the salmon—*indeed, it has been passed off as* such in fish markets. The other char are the "red fish," which remain all summer in fresh water, pairing off to spawn in the loose gravel bottom in fall.

Although the char is less of an acrobat than the salmon or the steelhead, it will frequently jump, particularly when fresh in from the ocean. The icy river water (rarely above 36° F) that numbs the wading angler's feet seems to keep the char charged with energy, and its initial run, even upriver in the face of tumbling rapids, is powerful and exciting. The big red spawning males, with hooked lower jaws, are inclined to be a bit more sluggish, especially late in the season, when they have other things in mind, and their flesh is not as firm and sweet as that of the silver char. But the red fish are formidable enough on light tackle, and their trophy proportions and dazzling colors more than make up for any other deficiency.

Ichthyologists still have a lot to learn about the char. "The trouble is that, like every other living thing in the Arctic, the char's growth rate is exceedingly slow," says Gerald Hunter, a biologist with Canada's Fisheries Research Board and the leading expert on char. "The young fish are hatched in early April. By mid-July, when the rivers are ice-free and plankton feed is available, the free-swimming fry are about an inch long and vulnerable to the cannibalistic adult fish. Six years later, when the surviving young char migrate to the salt for the first time, they are, on the average, only six to eight inches long. Char generally do not become sexually mature until they have reached 18 inches long and are anywhere from 10 to 15 years old, after which spawning occurs every second or third year." Thus, at the most critical time in their lives, spawning char are readily available to anglers and to the Eskimos, who net or spear them (it takes roughly 5,000 pounds of char to sustain an Eskimo family and its dogs for one winter), and it does not take much time to fish out a river. But government fishery men are working hard to distribute the *fishing pressure throughout the Arctic.*

The best time to fish for char is the four-week period from mid-August into September, when the silver sea-run fish are back in the river, mingling with the spawners. Even this late in the brief arctic summer the sun shines nearly 20 hours a day, and at midnight, when a fresh run of char comes into the river on a making tide, the water is bathed in gentle twilight.

For the sportsman concerned with things like ice cubes, sheets instead of a sleeping bag and a drill sergeant to wake him at 7 a.m. sharp and marshal him through the rest of the day, a package deal with a fishing lodge is the answer. But for a group of itinerant anglers who have 10 days or two weeks to spare and do not have to fish against the clock to get their money's worth, there is a better way to go about it—charter a floatplane and a pilot, load it with camping gear and head north, hopping from river to river, popping in at remote Eskimo camps, eating and sleeping when they feel like it. The flight plan will be flexible, because of fog, wind, rain and sea ice, but they will discover, as four of us did last August on a 12-day, 3,089-mile flying adventure through the Arctic, that even if they never catch a char—and they *will*

continued

An Eskimo prepares to take two anglers up the Tree River to fish for char that congregate in the fast water.

The arctic char is really two fishes in one —the big red spawner and the bright silver fresh from the sea

catch them—the sights along the way are enough to justify the journey

Yellowknife, a lively frontier town at the end of the pavement in the Northwest Territories, is a good place from which to take off on a flying safari. The DC-6 arrives from Edmonton in the afternoon, usually in time to get the obligatory sightseeing (the gold mine and the Museum of the North, where a visitor receives a certificate proving that he is A BLOOD BROTHER OF RAYMOND THE RAVEN) out of the way and still get to the Hudson's Bay store before closing time to stock up on provisions for the trip north

Our party consisted of Frank Golden, an artist from Connecticut who would rather fish than paint; Jack Hitchcock, the fishery specialist for the government's Northern Affairs and Natural Resources department, a calm, self-sufficient arctic hand who was interested in locating new char rivers and, not so incidentally, in fishing 24 hours a day; and our pilot, the redoubtable Myron Olson, better known in the North as Dipstick. The name perfectly suited this long, rangy daredevil. At 30, Dipstick has flown some 5,000 hours (roughly 500,000 miles) in seven years in the Arctic, and he can spot a gasoline drum from 2,000 feet in a dense fog. Like all arctic pilots, he depends not only upon maps, astrocompass, ADF and radio operators at settlement villages and isolated DEW Line sites, but also upon his knowledge of gas caches that are strategically located along the main air routes. Passengers pay a surcharge for any gas cache used, as well as a daily minimum rate for the plane, which increases with latitude and remoteness. It was comforting to know that our four-place de Havilland Beaver was equipped with long-range wing tanks, giving us a total capacity of 139 gallons. For quicker takeoffs, it also had oversize floats that Dipstick had scrounged from somewhere.

We crossed the tree line one hour's flying time north of Yellowknife. Below, the tundra stretched from horizon to horizon, broken up by a smorgasbord of nameless lakes and meandering streams and glacial debris. The deep gouges in the Precambrian bedrock looked as though a giant rake had been dragged over the land. Dipstick informed us that this part of the world gets less rain per year than the Sahara. "Great place for hay fever sufferers," he said. As I made a note of that, Dipstick offered another tidbit. "Bush plane went down here two years ago," he said. "Pilot, plane and two American geologists disappeared without a trace. But not to worry, Olson is here." For the next 11 days, we were to hear that line every time we encountered fog, treacherous sea ice or shallow, boulder-strewn lakes.

Just south of the Tree River, the plane suddenly nosed down and quickly leveled off again. Air pocket? Gas cache? "Nope," Dipstick said with a grin. "We just bumped over the Arctic Circle at Hood River." It was 5 p.m. when we landed near the mouth of the Tree and

In the reddish glow of the midnight sun, Eskimos dance on the windswept tundra at Thom Bay

The special thrill of hedgehopping in a floatplane over the vast Arctic is to discover your own char river—like the Ski-Mo on Victoria Island.

set up camp in the fishery officer's shack.

The standing rapids of the Tree seemed better suited to white-water canoeing than to fishing. Yet since 1962, when Warren Plummer built an outpost camp on the river and began flying anglers up from his lodge on Great Bear Lake, 250 miles to the southwest, the Tree has consistently produced the biggest char in the Arctic. The world record, a 27-pound four-ounce male, was taken there in September 1963.

"The char's productive capacity does seem out of proportion in the Tree," says Gerald Hunter. "We haven't pinned it down, but obviously all the factors—feed, water temperature, the gravel in which the female scoops out her shallow spawning redd—seem to be working at maximum there." Not surprisingly, the Tree has a long history of being overfished. At first it was the Eskimos. Then, when the Tree became popular with sports fishermen, the government convinced the Eskimos to net their winter food supply elsewhere. But in the next two years the rush of flying anglers nearly fished out all the char in the Tree. Three years ago the government finally put in a two-fish-per-angler limit on the Tree and a total season sports catch of 500 fish.

We spent only one day at Tree River. The fast water called for heavy tackle, which we disliked, and, too, we longed for a river all our own. We took off again —still heading north. Flying over ice-blue Coronation Gulf, we dropped down onto a nameless lake on Victoria Island, snubbed the Beaver to boulders in a stiff breeze, and set out across the tundra to fish the tidal river draining the lake. The Eskimos call the Arctic *Nunassiaq*, "the good land," and for the fisherman it is indeed full of promises. There are days when the wind sings gently and the stillness of the tundra crashes in one's ears. More often the wind washes the tundra, chapping face and lips, collapsing fly line during the back cast, violently shaking the most securely tied tent. But the wind is forgotten when one wades in an icy tidal river unscarred by man, with a rainbow arching across the misty horizon. All sense of time is lost in the long daylight. Forever

continued

is here with the strike of a 10-pound red char and the throbbing of the rod as the fish races through the shallow rapids, its scarlet body flashing in the 9 p.m. sun.

We left this good fishing to move on to what we hoped would be even better fishing at Albert Bay, where the Ski-Mo River comes in. It is only a 30-minute flight, but we were getting farther away from civilization and it seemed much longer.

The Eskimo cairn at the Ski-Mo was a good sign. The Eskimos cache fish and meat for winter in the permafrost and cover them with rocks to keep out scavenging wolves and foxes. Below the cairn there was a natural fish trap—a stretch of rapids perhaps 50 feet wide. The Ski-Mo was all, and more, that we had hoped for. Wading out to a gravel bar above the rapids, we caught char and lake trout for four hours straight by casting upstream and letting the spoons bump along the bottom and sparkle in the current. Using small lures with single barbless hooks, we found that the fish fought longer, jumped more often and could be easily released. We switched to fly rods and, despite the wind, managed to take several fish on Silver Darter streamers and others on bright English sea-trout patterns. Undoubtedly, stone- and caddis-fly nymphs, which char feed on in fresh water, would also have worked, but we were far too impatient for such purism.

The biggest char weighed just under 14 pounds. We stopped fishing at 8 p.m., when someone finally looked at his watch. As we walked back to the plane, a wolf howled somewhere—or was it the wind? No matter. We were too exhausted and hungry to ponder it further. That night, revived by whiskey and icy lake water, Jack poached two firm silver char on the Coleman stove and served them with a cream sauce. The pinkish flesh was subtler than salmon and more delicate than trout. Jack reminded us that the likes of Queen Elizabeth, President Charles de Gaulle and the Shah of Iran have all praised the char dinners served at the home of Canada's late Governor General Georges Vanier. But none of them has feasted on char in the most satisfying way—squatting on the tundra at midnight, watching Eskimo children whipping imaginary dogs on as their sled (two rusty gas drums) sails across the snow in pursuit of a great white bear.

As it turned out, the Ski-Mo char were the last we caught on the trip. At every other river we visited farther north, the Eskimos explained that we were a week too early for the first runs of silver char and the big red fish were congregated in lakes that were still frozen over. But the journey offered other rewards. Over Victoria Strait we saw our first great mass of drifting pack ice, floating white marble riddled with pale turquoise pools that glistened in the sun. Ring seals sunning on the ice slipped away through chimney holes the instant the plane's shadow passed over. At one point, flying through a thick fog, the compass started spinning crazily. Dipstick explained that we were only 350 miles south of the magnetic North Pole. "We're sort of flying blind now," he said, emphasizing the word blind. "But not to worry, Olson is here."

Heading back to Spence Bay from Somerset Island, our most northerly penetration, a driving rainstorm and an Eskimo tent camp changed our flight plan. Dipstick put the Beaver down gingerly just inside the ice on Thom Bay and taxied up to the bank, where 40 grinning Eskimos and Père J. Leverge, a Catholic missionary from Brittany, greeted us. Visiting hour began as soon as we put the tent up. Mustachioed hunters, shy mothers nursing newborns under their parkas and wide-eyed, runny-nosed children squeezed into the tent and squatted on the ground. An attractive girl named Rachael, who had been "out" to school and spoke English, began to play snatches of tunes on a miniature accordion—*Home on the Heather*, *Danny Boy* and a staccato burst of *Yankee Doodle*, to everyone's great amusement. Soon the Eskimos filed out of the tent and Rachael explained that they wanted to dance. And so, at 11:30 p.m., we all shuffled around the windswept tundra in an Eskimo square dance. It was a toss-up which was more ludicrous—two leering, pigeon-toed Eskimo hunters thrown together as partners, or Dipstick grabbing a woman around the waist and feeling a baby's bottom through her parka.

These nomadic Eskimos are, like the awesome, surrealistic land around them, still unbound by precise laws or progress. They remain wanderers, as restless as the sea ice, moving abruptly from place to place, always with one gnawing goal—to fill their bellies and thus to survive in one of the world's cruelest regions.

Yet the Eskimos, many of them ridden with tubercuolosis and all of them hungry, are a happy lot. As we were packing, a group of them came to the tent carrying sealskins rough-tanned with urine. We had several boxes of pilot biscuits, two five-pound tins of tea and some candy and cigarettes. After considerable haggling, the Eskimos offered four sealskins. Three of them were soft and shiny but the fourth one—on the bottom of the pile—was stained and torn. Dipstick, looking stern, said: "No good for white man." The Eskimos dissolved in laughter. Another good skin was quickly produced. The Eskimos were still giggling as we took off.

The rest of the trip back to Yellowknife was uneventful. We did run into fog and gale winds as we approached Cambridge Bay. Visibility was zero and there was a 625-foot radio tower somewhere below. But old Not to Worry casually headed out to sea, gradually losing altitude, until he could see the water before making the final approach.

Sadly, sportsmen planning a char fishing expedition in the future will not be able to fly with Dipstick, for he has left the Aretic to conquer new worlds with Air Canada. But don't put him completely out of mind. You may be flying across Canada one day when the plane hits an air pocket and sickeningly dips. As you settle back uneasily in the seat, you will hear Dipstick. His voice will come booming through the intercom: "Just a bit of turbulence, folks, but not to worry. Olson is here." **END**

As threatening clouds tumble across the sky, fishermen cast from shore into the clear, rushing waters of an unnamed river on Somerset Island.

12
3

Shoes and belts that jingle, jangle, jingle

The newest accouterments for sporting wardrobes get their design inspiration from equestrian tack

The lustrous oiled leather, gleaming hardware and colorful surcingle webbing of the saddlemaker's art have been transformed into this year's most popular sporting accessories. The horsy look has not sprung up overnight. Chanel's legendary tweed suits have long been harnessed by chain belts. And Europe's two famed leather-goods houses, Hermès of Paris and Gucci of Italy, have used equestrian devices on their luggage, scarves, belts and shoes as long as they have been in business. But suddenly the hitched-up look has become a kind of cult. The trappings of the cult are arranged in the tack-room display in the photograph at left. The ladies' ring belts are all taken from designs found in a horse-hardware catalog (the heavy link-chain belt is of 14-karat gold). The webbed belts for men and women are made of actual surcingle strapping. The man's moccasin, with a miniature snaffle bit across its instep, is made by Gucci in Italy and costs $49 in New York, but Gucci's Fifth Avenue shop can hardly keep them in stock —it sells 300 pairs a month. The vinyl boots, the silver loafer and the No. 3 shoe with the horseshoe on the vamp are all made by Herbert and Beth Levine, shoe designers who get their inspiration from their own racehorse. The saddlebags, scaled down to hang on a lady's shoulder, are the sporting handbags of the season. The trophy is not for sale but is equally coveted; it is the Triple Crown for fillies.

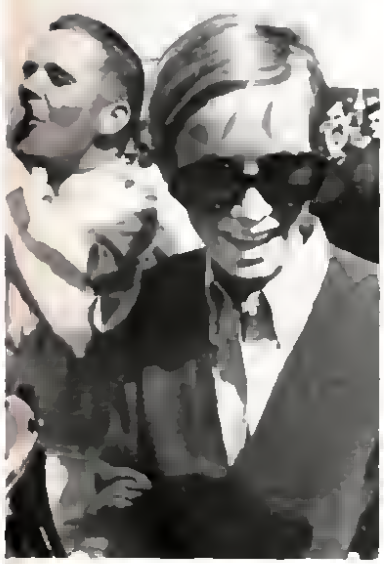
SOL MEDNICK

Who Makes the Tack

The two shoulder bags are by Ruza. The one of tan cowhide on the left is $20, the brown buckskin saddlebag $70. The Levine boots are both $45, the silver evening moccasin $50, the horseshoe pump of patent $45. Gucci's surcingle belt for men (*center rear*) is $12. The 14-karat-gold chain belt in foreground has a watch set into one of the links: it is $1,390 at Cartier. The chain belt with watch pendant (*center*) by Ruza is $25. All the other chain, cowhide and surcingle belts are made by Elegant and range in price from $3.50 to $11.

Ordinarily a winning race driver is conscientious, even enthusiastic, about his victor's duty to kiss the young lady presenting him with his trophy. Graham Hill, for example, took his responsibility so seriously after last year's Indianapolis 500 that press photographers will long remember his performance with respect and gratitude. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for Race Driver **Mark Donohue** at Riverside, Calif. last week. On Sunday Donohue won his second victory in the current U.S. Road Racing Championship series, but he proceeded to wrap himself with considerably more enthusiasm around the champagne than around the girl, English Model **Twiggy** (*below*). Perhaps this explains why a company that manufactures stick shifts and employs a Miss Golden Shifter (who is not shaped like a stick shift) has made no move to replace her with a Twiggy (who is).

Alexander Aldrich, executive director of the Hudson River Valley Commission and a cousin of New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller, courageously planned to participate in last weekend's White Water Derby on New York's upper Hudson River. A novice canoeist, Aldrich was game enough to take on a nasty long stretch of boulder-studded white water in hopes of getting a little publicity for his battle against stream pollution, and on Saturday he turned up with his wife and four children, ready to go. But who should also turn up but **Senator Robert Kennedy**, with his wife and seven of his children, plus niece **Caroline Kennedy**, **James Whittaker**, the first American to climb Everest, and Secretary of the Interior **Stewart Udall**; by late Saturday Kennedy's party was reported to number 24 people. About all poor Aldrich could have done for publicity "to help make the public aware of the pleasures possible in unpolluted waters" was to drown.



On April 29 **Jim Ryun** received a prize in the 22nd Annual National Intercollegiate Photo Competition. The competition, sponsored by the University of Missouri school of journalism, the National Press Photographers' Assn., the World Book Encyclopedia Science Service, Inc. and *National Geographic*, is the largest student competition in the U.S. and this year had a record 1,000 (plus or minus) entries. Ryun took second place in the sports division with his photograph of Kansas City Chief Halfback Mike Garrett being tackled in midair. On the same day Ryun also happened to bring his team in first in the Drake Relays with his second sub-four-minute mile in two days. Of course, there were a mere 60 entries in the race.

A frog named Eureka may be said to have hit the medium-size time last week. Previously unknown, he was tapped to jump at Del Mar, Calif. as the entry of the Jumping Frog Jamboree's Official Honorary Grand Marshal, **Governor Ronald Reagan**. The Jamboree is only the world's second largest frog-jumping contest. Governor Reagan, owing to the press of business, did not appear in person, and Eureka was outjumped even by State Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh's frog, Big Daddy. But hang in there, Eureka. Behind every "overnight" success in show business there is a tale of years of work and heartbreak.

Skier **Jean-Claude Killy** was awarded the first Alpine Ski World Cup at Evian, France last week. Very naturally, the press photographed him upon this occasion. Fairly naturally, they included in the photograph French women skiers Florence Steurer, Marielle Goitschel and Annie Famose. But, inexplicably, they had Killy pose (*above*) as the son of William Tell and the girls, all three of them, as his father.

"I decided to play Perry Mason and defend myself," former Race Driver **Stirling Moss** said of a recent go-round with a London court, and he emerged from the proceedings with a Masonic triumph. Charged with parking illegally in ambulance space outside a London hospital, Moss argued in his own defense that his car had been parked to pick up his wife and new baby and so constituted an ambulance. "It seems to me that if one can't go to hospital on a Saturday morning to collect a person and use the space provided for ambulances it is not very fair," Moss summed up, in what somehow comes across as more of a bleat than a trumpet call. One wonders if, logically, a car should count as an ambulance when its function is to take a well person home, and if Moss was perhaps requesting a bit of egg in his beer when he complained as the case was dismissed, "The only thing I am annoyed about is that I wasn't awarded costs."

Mr. and Mrs. **Peter Sellers** have bought a yacht. They plan to use it from July through September, which is three whole months, so one can rest assured that they are going to get their money's worth out of it. The motor yacht will cost "at least $210,000," Sellers explains, "because of the many extras. Things to stop it from sinking, like a bottom."

Russian Tennis Star **Alexander Metreveli** has been chosen for the second year in a row to play in the annual mid-Wimbledon cricket match against a team of tennis writers. He may do better this June. Last year, upon learning of his selection, Metreveli said, "Cricket? I thought it was an English food."

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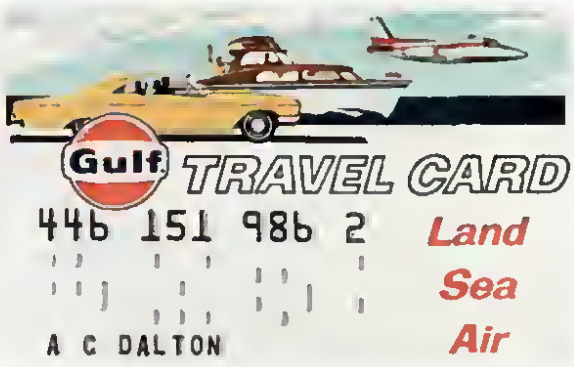

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Beware the watchdogs at Old Folks Home

Montreal's Canadiens learned that lesson painfully as the good, gray Toronto Maple Leaf goalies, Terry Sawchuk (above) and Johnny Bower, led hockey's oldest warriors to an unexpected Stanley Cup triumph

The two men sat on a small bench in the corner of the locker room, separated from most of the players and well-wishers by the pile of pads and skates and tape that goaltenders use for equipment. In the center of the room some of the Toronto Maple Leafs were drinking champagne from the Stanley Cup, which few hockey men had thought they could win. Other Leafs were shoving fully clothed Coach Punch Imlach toward the showers. But Terry Sawchuk and Johnny Bower, the goalies who had done the most to make the celebration possible, were by themselves, dragging deeply on cigarettes and grappling silently with the frayed nerves and many physical ailments that are an inescapable part of life for aging men who insist on enduring in a young man's game.

Sawchuk, 38, had played one of the best games of his 20-year pro career that night to beat the Montreal Canadiens 3–1, as the Maple Leafs clinched the Stanley Cup in the sixth game. Bower, who claims he is 42 but is probably older, had put in two big games the week before; now he had trouble walking because of a pulled groin muscle. But he had been in uniform on the end of the Leafs' bench all night, because Imlach said he deserved to be there. He looked happily around the room through bright eyes that have been narrowed into a perpetual squint by 22 years of watching pucks speeding at him. "I knew we would win it tonight," Bower said, "and I damn well wanted to be part of it."

Someone asked Sawchuk about his most dramatic save of the game, a desperate lunge behind his back to grab the puck just as it trickled onto the goal line for what might have been a game-saving Montreal goal by John Ferguson. Terry shook his head. "No, I don't remember it. I don't remember any special saves once a game is over. How many shots did they take, anyway? Must have been a hell of a lot." The fast-skating Canadiens had taken 41, most of them from close range. But somehow Sawchuk, who wanted to quit hockey before the season began, had stopped all but one and had kept the outplayed Leafs in contention until they could seize the game with two second-period goals. Bower isn't even thinking about quitting. He had put on comparable performances in the Leafs' first two victories in the series—including a 60-save, double-overtime effort in the pivotal third game, which Toronto finally won 3–2.

Sawchuk and Bower are the most prominent members of what the coach calls his Old Folks Home—a group of seven scarred warriors 36 or over, five

continued

of whom had helped win Imlach's first three Stanley Cups. Imlach, an intensely loyal man, had kept his veterans around him despite critics who said their abilities were gone. The old folks had failed to get Toronto past the Stanley Cup semifinal rounds in the last two years. This season, during a horrendous 10-game losing streak, the Leafs dropped into fifth place, and it seemed possible that Imlach would fail to make the playoffs for the first time in his nine-year Toronto career. But with some needed help from younger players like Pete Stemkowski, 26, and Jim Pappin, 28, the Leafs finished in third place. Then they upset the record-breaking Chicago Black Hawks in their six-game Stanley Cup semifinal.

Against the heavily favored Canadiens, Imlach's old men fully vindicated his faith in them. Marcel Pronovost, 36, was the best defenseman in the series. Tim Horton, 37, had a bad opening game (won by Montreal 6-2), and Allan Stanley, 41, an awful fourth game (won by Montreal by the same score), but both veterans came back to play important roles in the Toronto victories. Center Red Kelly, 39, and Wing George Armstrong, 36, the captain, called on remembered skills and unflagging courage to execute big plays in what may have been the final cup series of their careers.

"Everybody said I'd never win another cup with these old guys," said Imlach. "Well, maybe that makes this one the biggest kick of all for me, because we sure shoved it down everybody's throats. These guys have always been champs for me. With expansion coming up I won't be able to keep them all. But now they're going out as champs, and that's the way it should be." Then Punch, never known for close relations with the players under his iron regime, raised a beer glass and added, "They also happen to be a really great bunch of men."

The senior citizens, of course, could never have won this cup alone. The line consisting of Bob Pulford—comparatively youthful at 31 but apparently just another washed-up star early this season—Stemkowski and Pappin was the team's best. And Dave Keon ranked close behind the two goalies as the most valuable Leaf; officially, he was the most valuable of all, and thus winner of the Conn Smythe Trophy. He led the club in its tireless forechecking of the speedy Canadiens and held together a line completed by the willing but slow Armstrong and Frank Mahovlich, the alleged superstar who never seemed especially interested in lending all his large talents to the cause.

But the Maple Leafs might conceivably have beaten the Canadiens without Keon, or high scorer Pappin, or even Imlach, whose rigorous practice sessions and cool psychology helped the club rebound from two potentially demoralizing routs. They certainly could not have won without Sawchuk or Bower. And it would be hard to imagine a pair of heroes less alike in their approach to the game.

Sawchuk has been an established National Hockey League star for 17 years. Bower spent 12 of his first 13 seasons in the minors. "When I was playing in

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Cleveland at the age of 33," he admits. "I gave up all hope of being an NHL goalie. In fact, when Toronto called me up I didn't even want to come at first." Sawchuk has thought of retirement for some time, and may quit now unless an expansion team offers him a contract he cannot refuse. Bower says he has "absolutely no thought of retiring. Too many guys quit this game too soon."

Sawchuk, who changed his style dramatically between his bad fourth-game defeat and his brilliant victories in the fifth and sixth, said he hadn't even thought about any such change. Bower thinks constantly of his style and his errors: "I don't care how long I've played. I still can improve on things like cutting down a shooter's angle or clearing the puck around the boards." Sawchuk believes in pacing himself carefully in practice, while Bower is probably the hardest-working member of hockey's hardest-working team.

The two goalies complemented one another perfectly against Montreal. Sawchuk, possibly worn out after his sensational showing against the Black Hawks, couldn't make up for his team's overall deficiencies in the opener. So Imlach started Bower in the second game, and he was brilliant in the 3-0 victory. "Our club must play good defensive hockey to win," said Imlach. "And this was pretty close to a perfect defensive game."

In the third game, their first at home, the Leafs were less than perfect, but Bower saved them. With the score tied 2-2 after two periods, Bower had to make a series of extraordinary saves in the third. He and rookie Rogatien Vachon—who also played very well until Coach Toe Blake replaced him with the veteran Gump Worsley late in the fifth game—matched superb saves in the first overtime. Pulford finally scored at 8:26 of the second overtime. "Bower's saves gave the whole team a tremendous lift," said Pulford. "Pulford's goal gave me a pretty big lift, too," smiled Johnny. "I love to play hockey, but a game like that one can hardly be called fun."

Bower's season ended in the warmup before the next game, when he kicked out at a puck and got the muscle pull. Sawchuk was rushed in—for his worst game of the playoffs. On four of the Canadiens' six goals he seemed almost immobile. The delighted Habs returned to Montreal envisioning two more high-

continued

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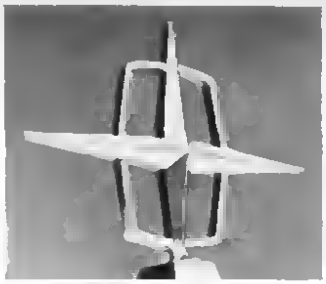
scoring wins and their third straight cup.

Although he denied any conscious change, Sawchuk was a different player in the fifth game. "We talked before the game," said Imlach. "I told him he had brought us this far, and he had the records to prove he was a great clutch player. He was entitled to one bad game. I knew he could win for us as long as he played aggressively in goal. In other words, he had to go out and challenge the guys taking the shots." The Leafs started so slowly that Sawchuk had to challenge almost every Canadien forward during the first period. He kept moving out of the net, scrambling to the ice and somehow stopping almost everything. The Leafs, who might easily have trailed 4-0, went off the ice with a 1-1 tie. In the second period they got going, and a magnificent breakaway goal by Pronovost seemed to deflate the Canadiens. Tightening up their well-drilled defensive game, the Leafs coasted through to a 4-1 win.

Sawchuk was even better in the final game, blocking 17 shots in the first period to keep the game scoreless until Kelly could set up young Ron Ellis for the first goal at 6:25 of the second. Half a dozen unbelievable saves later, Sawchuk was presented with another goal, by Pappin, just before the period ended. Once again the Leafs clamped down, checking diligently and concentrating only on stopping the Canadiens. Dick Duff scored for Montreal early in the third period to make it 2-1, but Sawchuk held off the Canadien charge the rest of the way. When Blake pulled Goalie Worsley with 55 seconds left, Imlach characteristically fielded a defensive platoon made up of four of his old men and the slightly younger Pulford. Eight seconds later Armstrong scored on the open net to clinch it.

With the exception of the wildly exciting, wide-open overtime game, the Toronto wins were typical masterpieces of rugged checking, defense and superb goaltending. "It's like a poker game," said Imlach. "You've got to drop out of a lot of hands to protect yourself. If you try to score on every play, you get killed." Cynics around the NHL have often said that this cautious philosophy produces boring hockey. Imlach, who is never boring himself, laughed when the objection came up. Resting an elbow comfortably on the large silver Stanley Cup, he wondered, "Were the Toronto fans bored with us this spring?" END



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A slight revival of hope in Boston

The Red Sox may not be world beaters yet, but their manager has them wide-awake and charging

All around the American League, baseball gossips were discussing the reform movement on the Boston Red Sox: the playboys of Fenway Park were being disciplined by a new tough-guy manager with a deceptively bland name, Dick Williams (not related to Ted by blood or playing ability). He had fought with one of his pitchers while managing at Toronto, chased another minor league malcontent up the runway from the dugout and figuratively banished curfew violators to Vladivostok in the Siberian League. On close inspection, however, Williams turns out to be not such a stern shop foreman.

"We've got the ball club working together, yelling for each other. That's all it is," he said last week during a three-game set with the California Angels. "Just put out, put out all the time. They know if they don't hustle, they're in trouble with me. Now the team is playing like a unit, the way we did in Toronto. That was our main job, to get togetherness on the ball club."

Of course, Williams is doing much more than preaching one-for-allism. As an example, the Red Sox, like Richard Nixon, are constantly running. Last year they stole only 35 bases. Williams says, "We'll pick up that many this year just on hit-and-runs that batters miss." The Red Sox sometimes even run in the morning, in the hours once reserved for sleeping off the night before. Williams knows that when his team has a night game on the road, the home team al-

ways uses the field first for its pregame workout, and he figures that that does not leave enough time for his pitchers and second-stringers to take their stay-in-shape wind sprints. So he rounds them up and has them run relay races in the dewy outfield at 11 a.m. The only players excused are the regulars, the two long relievers (John Wyatt and Don McMahon), the previous night's pitcher and that night's pitcher. The relay runners can nap in the afternoon and be fresh again for any spot duty.

There have been other strict measures. Sore arms and excess weight draw Williams' disapproval. At one point in a recent season Boston had 12 pitchers on the staff and eight of them had arm trouble. Now those pitchers don't stay around. For example, Dave Morehead, who threw a no-hitter in 1965 but developed a sore arm last season, is down in the minors again and has "a long battle ahead of him" to get back up. It is not that Williams thinks sore-arm pitchers

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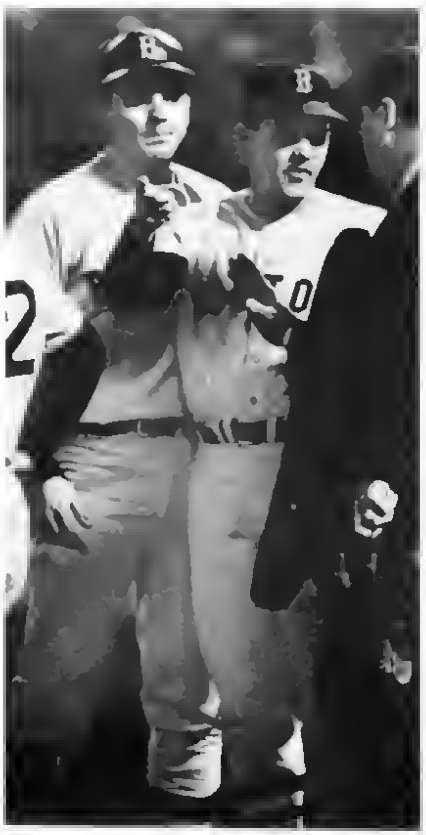

PUGNACIOUS Dick Williams *(right)* helps Tony Conigliaro in argument with umpire.

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are malingerers. But he does feel that they should not be taking up room on his roster while they recover. Too, when contracts were sent out between seasons, Williams made weight assignments. Young Pitcher Jerry Stephenson finished the spring 10 pounds over his limit. Zap. "He's working off that extra weight in Toronto," says Williams.

The new unifier of the Red Sox won two International League playoffs in two seasons at Toronto using his methods and spirit, most of which, he says, derive from his days in the Brooklyn Dodgers organization. A Californian, he was signed out of Pasadena High School, where he had followed in the athletic footsteps of his older brother, Ellery, who later was a star end at Santa Clara and played one season for football's New York Giants. Dick played a little football, too, but his cleat-wearing days were cut short in his senior year at Pasadena when Bob Lillis, now an infielder with Houston, tackled him in a scrimmage, twisted his knee by accident and took over his starting halfback spot.

Another injury curtailed Williams' baseball career. He was a promising young outfielder with the Dodgers when he dived for a ball, fell heavily and suffered a separated shoulder. His throwing was impaired, and he was a utility man most of the rest of his playing days, which ended with Boston in 1964.

Williams' 1967 Red Sox are not radically different in personnel from the 1966 hunch that plodded dismally to a ninth-place finish. Even the disciplinary crackdown is not entirely new. Billy Herman, whom Williams replaced, began tossing fines at his players last season. But Williams hyped the reform and renovation of the club.

Take the infield. People who remember Dick Stuart, Felix Mantilla, Eddie Bressoud and an aging Frank Malzone have in their minds an image of an infield with all the grace of a Surveyor III moon probe. But no longer. George Scott may swing inaccurately (152 strikeouts last season, a club record), but there is nothing wrong with his eyes or coordination at first base. Now that the Yankees' Joe Pepitone has shifted to the outfield, Scott probably is the league's best at his position. Rookie Mike Andrews, taller at 6' 3" than most second basemen, has the potential to become a fine fielder and he isn't too bad right now. Dalton Jones, generally considered

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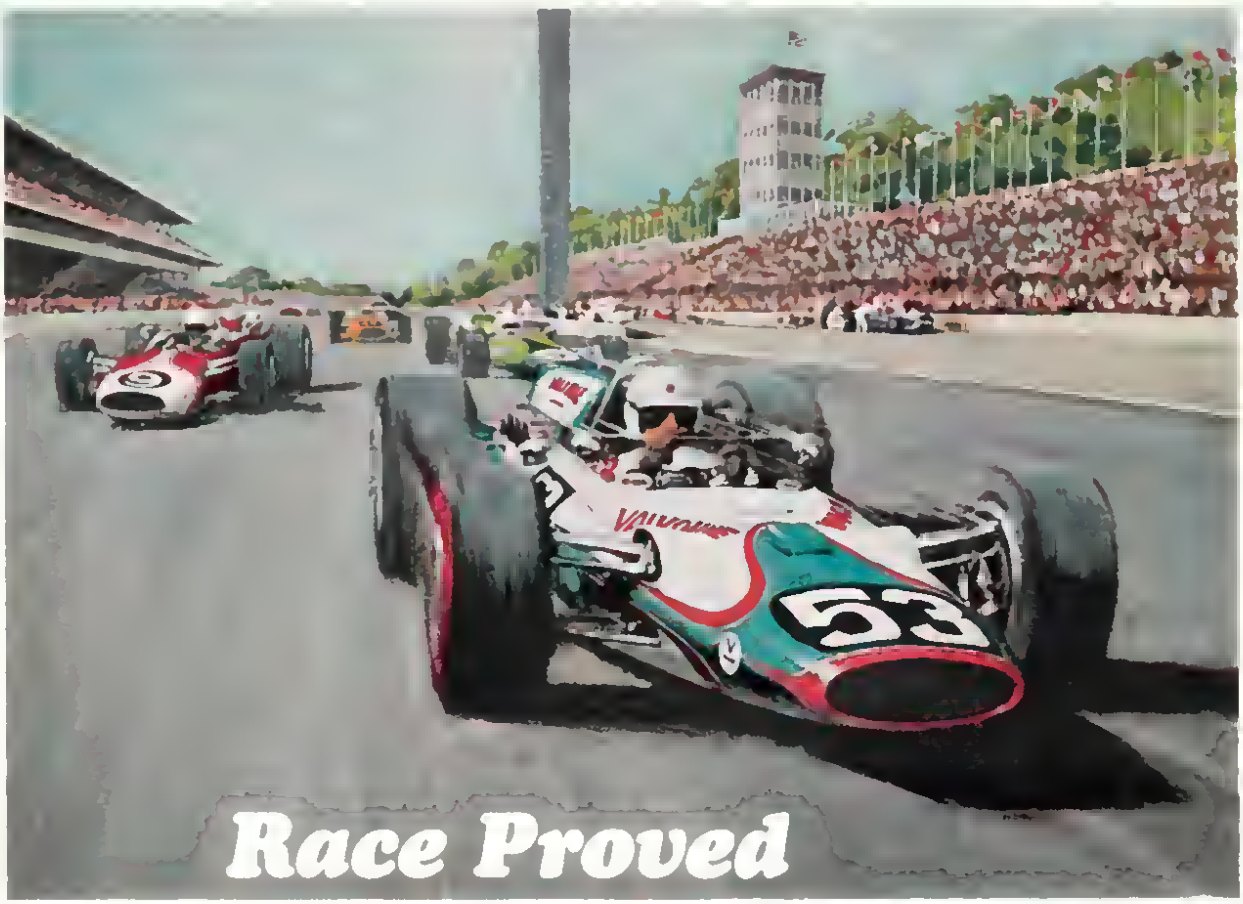

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a good-hit-no-glove guy, "makes all the plays" at third base, or at least Williams says he does. But the position that really gets Dick worked up is shortstop, manned by Americo P. Petrocelli.

"Rico is a beautiful ballplayer," the manager says. "He's like a cat. He gets a real good jump on the ball. And he's a happy fellow right now."

That Rico was unhappy last year was no secret. He was fined once by Herman for leaving the ballpark in the middle of a game (his wife was ill, he explained later), and he was bothered by an internal abscess that the club, for a while, did not believe existed. That's all in the past. Now Rico is happy and healthy, and if he has matured so has his batting average. Last Saturday he was hitting .319, sixth in the league, and had a shot at improving on his 1966 homer total of 18.

Rico, like Scott, Andrews and Jones, is only 23. Outfielders Tony Conigliaro and Carl Yastrzemski, with nine years of experience between them, are 22 and 27. Rookie Center Fielder Reggie Smith is 22. The old man in the starting lineup is a 28-year-old rookie catcher, Russ Gibson from Fall River, Mass. Gibson spent 10 years in the minors and was never under a major league contract until this year. He handles pitchers well, his first game was rookie Bill Rohr's one-hitter against New York, his second was an eighteen-inning marathon), throws well (he nailed three base-stealers in one game and twice threw out Kansas City's speedy Bert Campaneris) and, until three hitless games in Anaheim last week, he was batting .300.

But Boston's strong hitting and—for the most part—surprisingly good fielding have not surprised the league as much as the pitching. Dennis Bennett, a prime candidate for Williams' censure in both the sore-arm and avoirdupois departments, had an operation on his left shoulder a year ago to remove a "huge hunk of calcium, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter." It had been cutting into a tendon. Further, Bennett, who weighed 225 pounds, is now down to 206 and is aiming at an even 200. Last week against the Angels he went a full nine innings, allowed no runs and six hits and helped himself by hitting a three-run homer.

Bennett's shutout was both pleasing and painful to the Boston press corps. In 1965 Bennett copied the late Tony Lema and threw a champagne party for the

continued

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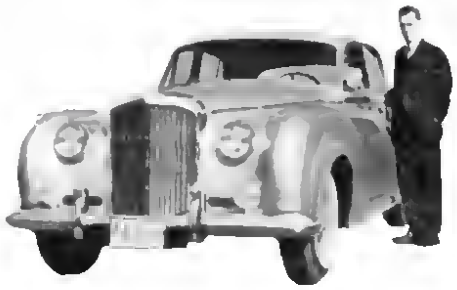

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newsmen on the occasion of his first complete game with the Red Sox. He was promised a reciprocal champagne bash when he got his first shutout. The one against California was it, but Bennett was merciful. He said he would settle for domestic stuff as a patriotic gesture.

Another encouraging left-hander is Rohr, only 21, who came so close to a no-hit game in his first major league appearance. He has a deceptive motion, a fast ball, a curve and a changeup off both the fast ball and the curve. A third young pitcher, 24-year-old Jim Lonborg, who has a degree in biology from Stanford and who once wanted to be a surgeon, had a 2-1 record that could easily have been 5-0. Williams says Lonborg twice blew three-run leads by "coasting," but then, against Kansas City, "he did just what we wanted him to, go hard all the way. He shut out the Athletics and struck out 13 guys."

Lonborg was almost that effective against the Angels in his next start, but with unhappier results. All that California got in the first six innings was a walk. Jim Fregosi broke up no-hit thoughts with a sharp single in the seventh, but Lonborg still had a 1-0 lead as he went to the mound in the bottom of the ninth. Fregosi got his, and the Angels', second hit of the game, a slashing single to right. Two ground-ball hits followed that scored the tying run, and an intentional walk left the bases loaded with two out. Then came a play that all the togetherness and morning running could do nothing to prevent.

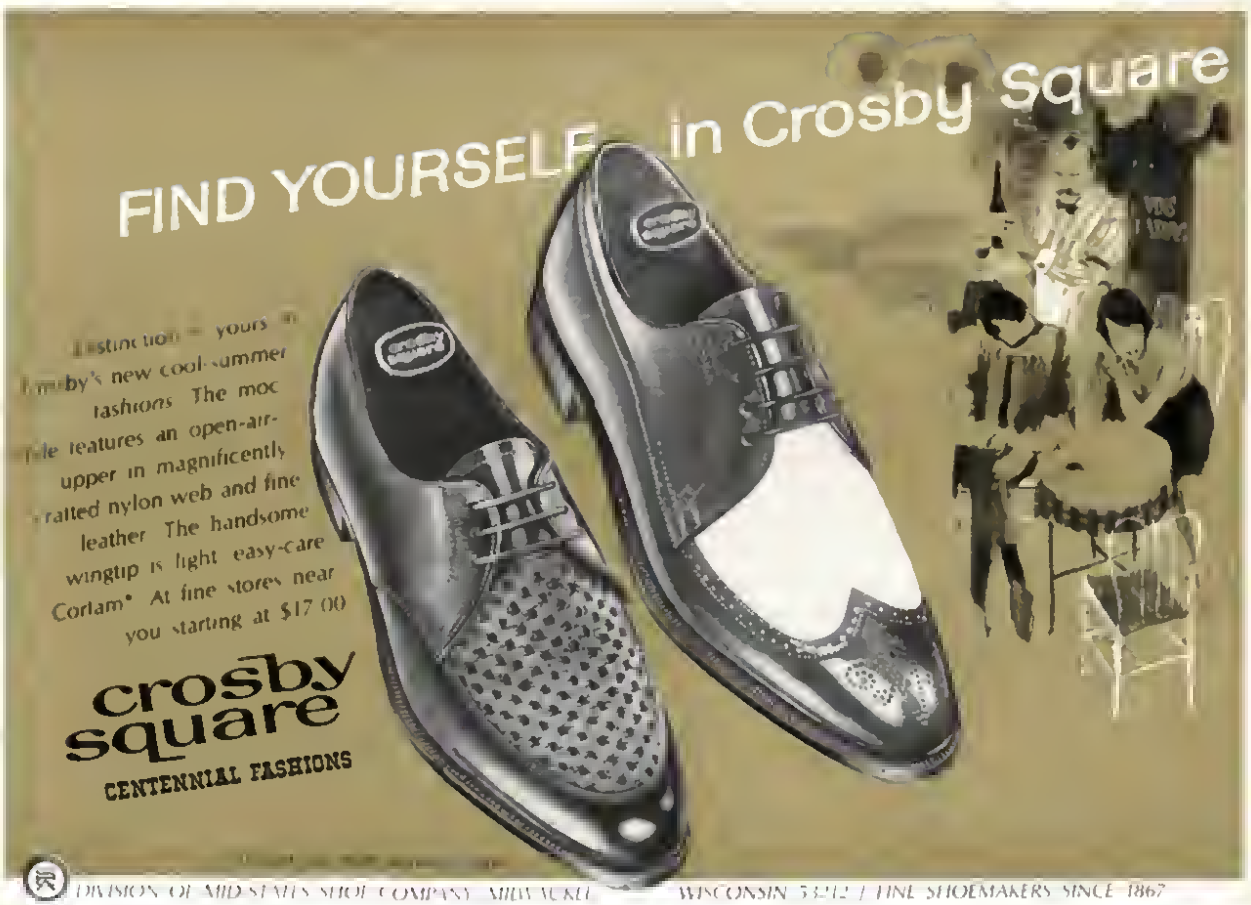
Lonborg bounced a wild pitch in front of the plate and off Gibson's leg. The catcher lost track of the ball and whirled around in frantic haste to find it. But the ball rolled back out toward the mound. Lonborg raced in and picked it up, but Gibson was still searching and there was no one to take the toss. Jay Johnstone raced in from third to score the winning run. It was Boston's fifth one-run loss of the season, and as Lonborg and Gibson trudged off the field together the ball sat undisturbed near home plate, right where the chagrined Lonborg had dropped it.

Still, the Red Sox generally have looked sharp and the idea lingers that this *is* a different sort of Boston team and one that might attain Williams' goal of "winning more games than we lose," a revolutionary idea for Boston (it hasn't happened since 1958).

"The pitching will be the story," agreed California Manager Bill Rigney. "I don't even want to talk about those guys in the corners—Yastrzemski in left field, Conigliaro in right. Yaz beats the heck out of our club. And that shortstop—Petrocelli—he always has been good when he wants to be."

Jimmy Piersall of the Angels, who was with Boston for eight seasons, made a statement that should raise the spirits of Red Sox fans from Swampscott to Fall River.

"I haven't seen enough of them yet, I admit, but right now they look better than any Red Sox team in the last 10 years." **END**



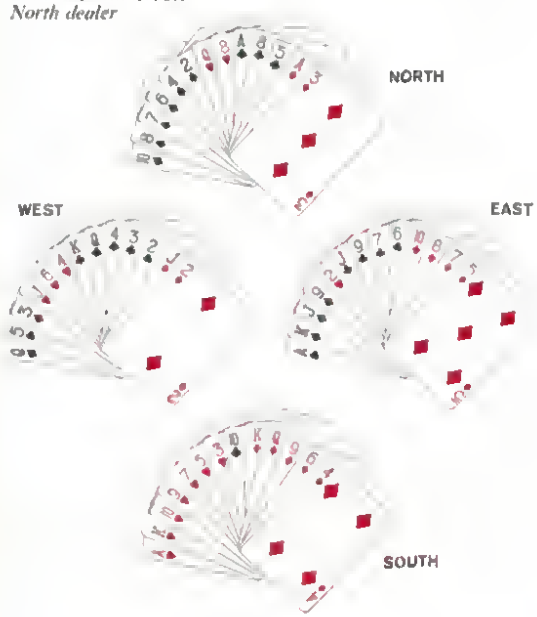
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

A masterful move by two master-point aces

Last year, for the first time since 1956 when Tobias and Jan Stone finished first and second, a husband and wife have both placed in the top 10 in the McKenney Trophy race, the annual competition for most master points. The successful pair in this case was Richard and Rhoda Walsh of Los Angeles, who finished eighth and 10th respectively. The Walshes' achievement, like the Stones', was accomplished in the first year of their marriage.

Rhoda, a lawyer, has taken only two and a half years to win more than 1,400 master points, while her husband, a stockbroker, has accumulated close to 5,000 in his 11 years of tournament play. Their success together during 1966 was due in large measure to an extremely complicated bidding system, the kind that I do not usually approve of but one which is likely to work well when two good players have frequent opportunity for discussion away from the bridge table. You do not, for example, often bid and make a grand slam with only 22 high-card points, but the Walshes did with this hand.

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH (*Walsh*)	EAST	SOUTH (*Mrs. Walsh*)	WEST
PASS	PASS	2♣	PASS
2♦	PASS	4♥	PASS
4♠	DOUBLE	5♠	PASS
5 N.T.	PASS	7♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 3 of spades

Preemptive bids are designed to upset the opponents' auction, but they rob you of bidding space, too. Since there are three different kinds of hands on which preemptive openings may be proper, the Walshes have put together a method of distinguishing among the three. A plain old weakish four-heart or four-spade hand is opened normally. A preemptive bid that includes a solid suit is opened with a four-club bid that demands a four-diamond response. Opener's next bid reveals his long solid suit and partner can stop or go on as his hand indicates. The third type—a hand rich in controls but not including a solid suit, such as South's in this deal—is opened with two clubs, which the Walshes use as their all-purpose forcing bid.

Most players would respond with a positive bid on a hand including two aces, but the Walshes tend to give positive responses only with strong suits, so Dick marked time with a negative two-diamond response. The jump to four hearts revealed the strong-type preemptive and North's four-spade bid was asking, accepting hearts as trumps. When South bid five spades over East's double she marked herself with a void and enabled North to bid five no trump—a grand slam force, asking partner to shoot the works if she has the two top trump honors. Partner duly "shot."

After ruffing the spade opening, South's problem was how to play the diamonds to avoid losing a trick and to minimize the danger of losing a trump trick. (In the actual hand, both hearts and diamonds broke, but I have altered the cards slightly to illustrate the percentage play.) South cashes the ace and king of diamonds and leads a low diamond at the fourth trick. If West follows, declarer must decide whether to ruff with the 8 or the queen—the 8-spot offering a slightly better mathematical chance since it works if diamonds split or if West holds the jack of hearts. With West showing out on the third round of diamonds, however, nothing can stop the grand slam unless all four missing trumps are in one hand. Rhoda easily made the slam, one that nobody else came close to bidding. END

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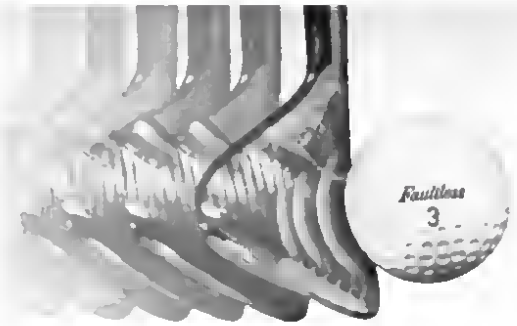

Are you hitting a football... or a golf ball?

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Micrometer-true...or it's an automatic reject.

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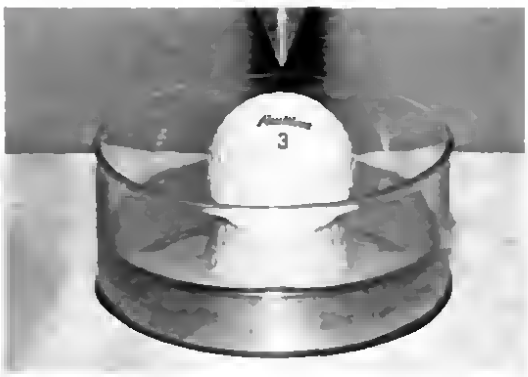
You could say that we just want to live up to our name.



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Faultless has its own lie-detector test to tell. Our laboratory people use this mercury bath. If the ball turns, you know it's out of balance.

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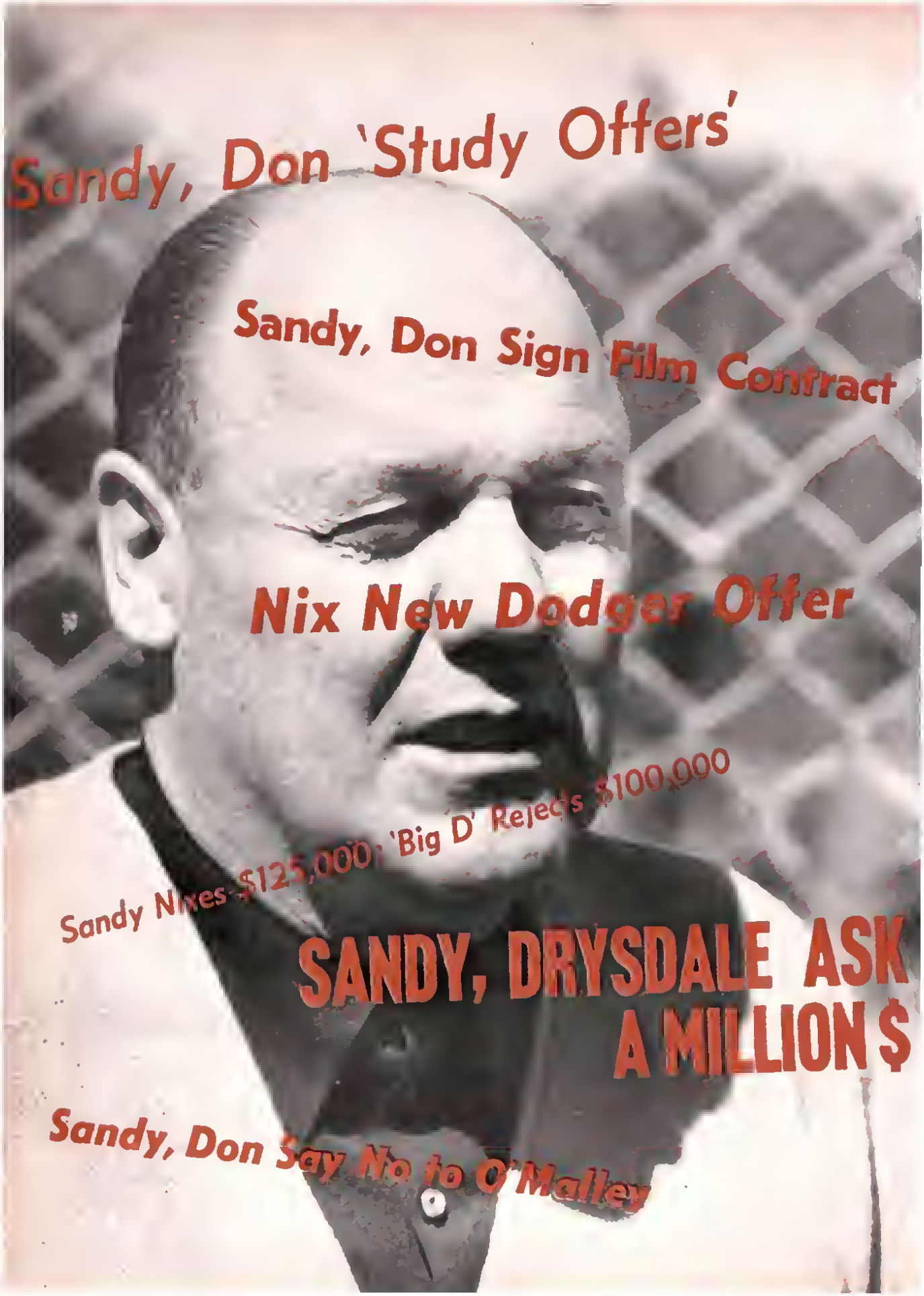
Sandy, Don 'Study Offers'
Sandy, Don Sign Film Contract
Nix New Dodger Offer
Sandy Nixes $125,000; 'Big D' Rejects $100,000
SANDY, DRYSDALE ASK A MILLION $
Sandy, Don Say No to O'Malley

PART 1: THE DODGER STORY

By Buzzie Bavasi with Jack Olsen

The outspoken general manager of the Dodgers, currently baseball's most successful executive, begins a four-part series on his joys and troubles in the front office with an account of the famous contract hassle in which pitching stars Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale 'came at me as a pair'

THE GREAT HOLDOUT

To tell the truth, I wasn't too successful in the famous Koufax-Drysdale double holdout in 1966. I mean, when the smoke had cleared they stood together on the battlefield with $235,000 between them, and I stood there with a blood-stained cashbox. Well, they had a gimmick and it worked: I'm not denying it. They said that one wouldn't sign unless the other signed. Since one of the two was the greatest pitcher I've ever seen (and possibly the greatest *anybody* has ever seen), the gimmick worked. But be sure to stick around for the fun the next time somebody tries that gimmick. I don't care if the whole infield comes in as a package, the next year the whole infield will be wondering what it is doing playing for the Nankai Hawks.

You can learn a lot about the problems of journalism by studying the printed record of the life of Sandy Koufax. As far as I am concerned, nobody since Rudolph Valentino ever had as many myths, legends and pure balderdash written about him as Sandy. The reason is simple: Sandy is a warm, friendly, honest, intelligent human being, one of the finest human beings I have ever known, but the truth is he was never very colorful. In an age when self-promotion has been raised to a fine art, Sandy mastered the fine art of quiet effectiveness. He spoke clearly and briefly, and he did not go into lurid details about how he struck out this batter with a clever fast ball on the inside corner when the batter had been expecting a slider, or how he crossed up the offense by swinging away in the eighth inning when they were expecting him to bunt, or how he expected to win even more games next year, or how he intended to murder them in the World Series with his high hard ones. A Billy Loes he was not. And as far as his private life was concerned, Sandy kept that completely personal and confidential.

You should have heard Sandy in the clubhouse after pitching one of his typical wins, like maybe a 1-0 or a 2-1 job. He'd sit there bedraggled, sweaty and crumpled in front of his locker, smoking a cigarette, and the reporters would crowd around, and he'd stay till the last one had finished his last question, and when he was absolutely sure that everybody had asked everything conceivably possible including what he had had to eat before the game, Sandy would shower. And if you added all his answers together, they would come out something like. "Yes, it was very satisfying to me. No, all the games are important now. Yes, that was a great play Gilliam made in the eighth. No, I stayed with the fast ball all the way. Yes, Rosey called a great game. No, my arm didn't hurt any more than usual." I mean, that was it, game after game. Sandy Koufax was just not one of those guys who rise to great heights of rhetoric when they talk about themselves. It always looked to me like Sandy would rather be in the dentist's chair.

But don't ever forget that Sandy Koufax was *the* name in baseball, and certain sports editors waiting *continued*

back in the office weren't going to sit still for ordinary answers. As a result, a few writers were tempted to extend or embroider their quotes or even to distort a little here and there. Sandy being the kind of guy he was, he never complained. The hell of it is, the distortion is still going on, long after Sandy hung up his spikes, and I suppose it will go on as long as baseball is played. Not long ago I saw two different magazines with big cover splashes on how Sandy Koufax can be lured back into baseball. Now, anybody that knows Sandy at all knows that *nothing* will lure Sandy back into baseball. There is no way! Sandy is out, finished, *kaput*. He made his decision. It was a highly intelligent decision, consistent with Sandy's usual clear thinking, and I didn't like it and neither did the Dodger fans, but he made it and if you know Sandy at all you know he'll stick with it. A magazine that makes broad hints about Sandy's return to baseball is only trying to exploit the magic that still goes with his name. How Sandy must cringe when he sees those magazines on the newsstands!

But it has always been that way with Sandy. A kid as quiet and dignified as he is, a kid who flatly refused to let the press play with any part of his private life, is a challenge. In fact, the stories that came out about his holdout with Drysdale and, later on, his retirement from baseball—well, most of them were 90% fiction. Unfortunately, at the very end of his career Sandy accidentally added to some of the confusion, partly because he was juggling a lot of important things (including helping the Dodgers win the pennant) and partly because Sandy, God bless him, is evidently his own worst biographer. I enjoyed his book, *Koufax*, but, to tell you the truth, I didn't recognize some of the details in it, especially the chapter on the double holdout. I'm not saying that the chapter is untrue; I'm just saying that my memories of the double holdout and Sandy's memories are two different things.

My memories of Sandy Koufax go back a long way, incidentally, and right from the first I found out that the Koufaxes were stand-up people. Al Campanis, now our chief scout, had spotted Sandy in 1955, liked the looks of him and asked him to come to the Brooklyn Dodger front office with his father. The Giants and the Pirates and the Braves had looked him over already and all of them had liked him, but he hadn't signed with anybody. We met in my office: Sandy, a big, handsome kid right off the campus of the University of Cincinnati; his father, Irving, a lawyer and a straight shooter; Campanis and me. There was no horsing around. I asked Mr. Koufax how much money they wanted. He said $14,000 plus the usual minimum salary of $6,000. I said fine, and we all made a handshake deal. And that's about all there was to it, except that I told them that I had no room on the roster and asked them to wait for a contract until I could unload somebody to make room. That was O.K. with Mr. Koufax and the kid. To them a handshake was as good as a signed contract.

Now they get up to leave the office and, as they are walking down the stairs, who is walking up but a Pittsburgh scout, Ed McCarrick. You might wonder why a Pittsburgh scout was coming into our office as though he owned the place, and the answer is that Ed McCarrick had once worked for the Dodgers and felt right at home with us and used to drop in to shoot the breeze, which was fine with everybody. Ed sees the father and son going down our stairs and he panics. He figures that Sandy Koufax is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for a scout, and after some fast action on the long-distance phone Ed gets in touch with the Koufax family and tells them that Branch Rickey of the Pirates has authorized him to offer $5,000 more than Brooklyn's top bid, whatever it is. Well, I don't have to tell you what most people would have done, especially since Sandy would have preferred pitching for Rickey and the Pirates because he had a much better chance of breaking into their rotation. But Mr. Koufax and his son never hesitated for a second; they told Ed that they had a deal with the Dodgers. I found out later that John Quinn, who was then general manager of the Braves, had offered Sandy $30,000 to sign, and the Koufaxes turned down that one, too. Now, if you start out a business relationship like that, you know what kind of people you are dealing with. And let me say right here that nothing Sandy did later, including the double holdout, changed my opinion one iota. If a kid squares off against you for a big stake and fights you tooth and nail with every tool he has, you may come out of the battle thinking he's one tough son of a gun, but you're not going to come out thinking he's dishonorable.

The double holdout started on February 26, 1966, when spring training opened and Sandy and Donald didn't show. It looked in the papers as though they had made a big salary demand on the club and the club had turned them down. But it wasn't that simple. Being three good friends, as I hope we still are, Donald and Sandy and I had met and talked things over. In the first meeting, right after the 1965 season, we got no place. We sat down in my office at Dodger stadium and they said they had an agent—Sandy's lawyer, Bill Hayes—and that they wanted a three-year no-cut contract totaling $1 million and that neither one would sign unless both were satisfied. I told them I would negotiate only with them, that any discussions they had with their agent were their own business but please keep him away from me, that the amount of money they were asking was ridiculous, and that nobody on the ball club, including me and Walter Alston, was ever going to get more than a one-year contract. As I recall, I said something like, "You're both athletes, and what you're selling is your physical ability, and how can you guarantee your physical ability three years in advance? If you guarantee me that you will both be healthy and strong and still winning 20 games each in 1968, I'll give you a three-year contract." Since not even Cassius Clay could make a guarantee like that, the meeting broke up. But there was plenty of time; this was only October, the World Series was barely over and I was in no rush to get them signed, especially at their asking price of $166,000 per year apiece. From the beginning I was willing to

give them raises on their 1965 salary, which were $80,000 for Don and $85,000 for Sandy. I had it penciled into my budget' $100,000, more or less, for Sandy, and $90,000, more or less, for Donald.

A month or so later, when I had heard nothing, I called Donald and I said, "Look, time's passing and we'd better sit down and talk about this thing." He said, "Sure, Buzzie, let's meet at the restaurant of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel." The three of us sat at a corner table in one of those between-mealtimes when hardly anybody was there, and Sandy started working up some figures on the back of an envelope. He was suggesting things like instead of paying them $166,000 apiece for three years we could pay them $200,000 apiece for 1966, $200,000 apiece for 1967 and $100,000 apiece for 1968. I said, "Sandy, what are you trying to do to me? That still adds up to a million dollars over three years. I can't pay you or anybody else that kind of money, and you know it."

Well, we all hemmed and hawed around, and finally they made their first concession, they said each of them would sign for $150,000 per year on a three-year contract. That's $900,000, or down 10%, from their opening position, but the amount was still out of line and the three-year contract was impossible.

Now the months rushed by and nobody did any bargaining with anybody (least of all with their agent, Bill Hayes), and finally, just before we all were supposed to take off for spring training, Don and Sandy and I had a third meeting at the same hotel. Now they drop their demands for three-year contracts, and they also begin to hint that maybe they'll take a trifle less than $150,000 per year each. For the first time I see a slight chance to negotiate and I say, "Look, I can give the two of you $190,000, maybe $195,000 to sign, but I am not going to give it to you as a package. I don't want any package deals now or ever. Sandy, you know I am going to give you more money than I am going to give Donald, and if you want to take some of your money and give it to him that's your business but no package deals."

They said they couldn't think of accepting my offer, and I told them goodby, that I was going south and that I hoped to hear from them when they felt in a more reasonable mood.

Well, the whole spring-training season went by, and let me be the first to admit that Walter O'Malley and I were nowhere near as cool about the missing pitchers as we were letting on. We may be stubborn, but we're not stupid! Sandy and Don had won almost 50 games the year before, and without them we would be in real trouble. Of course, both sides went through the usual rites of spring. Sandy and Don said they would retire from baseball, and I wrote them that the proper way to go about retiring was to send

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At the height of the holdout, Koufax (left) and Drysdale flanked Actor David Janssen at a press conference announcing they would make a movie, a chore Koufax looked upon without joy.

me letters to that effect, which they never did, and I think there was one brief telephone conversation where Walter O'Malley wished them luck in whatever they did outside of baseball, and they went out and signed to make a movie, etc., etc. Nobody takes any of that stuff seriously; it's all standard negotiating procedure.

Nevertheless, spring training was almost over and they still hadn't signed, and I began to get a little itchy. Finally I called Donald long distance at his home in Hidden Valley just outside of Los Angeles and told him I was flying back to try to work something out. I said, "Fun's fun, Donald, but this is getting serious."

The next day I showed up at my office just in time to hear the phone ring. It was Don, and he said, "Buzzie, let's meet at Nicola's." That's a restaurant not far from the ball park.

The place was closed, but the manager let us in and gave us a back room where we could talk. It was just like that opening session with Mr. Koufax years before—I mean there were no wasted words. The Dodgers needed those boys, and they needed the Dodgers. So I said, "All right, Donald, what will it take to sign you boys?"

He said, "I'll sign for $110,000, and Sandy will sign for $125,000."

I said, "How do I know that's O.K. with Sandy?"

He said, "Sandy told me to deal for him."

I said, "All right. It's a deal with me, and I'm sure it'll be a deal with Mr. O'Malley. He's at a game now at Vero Beach, and I'd like to give him the courtesy of telling him we've settled. The game'll be over in about 45 minutes."

Donald said, "I'll call Sandy in the meantime."

So we made our calls from the pay phone in Nicola's and everybody agreed, and an hour later we announced the signing at a press conference in the Dodgers' office. I'll never forget Sandy's first words when he showed up. He said, "Oh boy, am I glad! Now I won't have to act in that movie!" When they had signed for their movie, Chuck Connors had said, "They'll be sensational," but Chuck is as good at judging actors as he used to be at hitting against lefties. I mean, to put it kindly, Sandy and Don were not born for the stage, and the Dodgers ought to get an Oscar for keeping them out of the movies.

The double holdout was over, but I can't say that I felt good about it. We wound up giving the boys much more money than we had intended, and if you had to pick a winner in the whole argument, you'd have to say it was Drysdale and Koufax. Donald got a $30,000 raise and Sandy got a $40,000 raise, and neither would have commanded that much money negotiating alone. After all, they got the biggest raises in baseball history. To that extent, the double holdout worked, although they gave in on the three-year contract for $1 million, which I don't think they ever meant, anyway. But, as I said before, the plan only worked because the greatest pitcher in baseball was in on it, and also they caught us by surprise. Believe me, Walter O'Malley and I have talked the problem over many times, and no double holdout will ever work again on the Los Angeles Dodgers. We're firm on that. The next time two of them come walking in together, they'll go walking out together. Koufax and Drysdale took advantage of a good thing, that's one way to look at it, and another way to look at it is, why shouldn't they? All's fair in negotiating, as I have also said before. This was a unique situation, and it will never happen again.

Anyway, the double holdout didn't cost the ball club quite as much as the figures would seem to indicate. In the first place, I had anticipated the possibility of having to come up with high figures for Don and Sandy, especially after the season they had had, and therefore I had not been quite as generous with some of the other players as I might have been. I don't mean I cut anybody just to get money to pay the two pitchers. It worked more like this: let's say a kid comes into my office and I've got him penciled in for $27,000, and he sits down and says that he wants $23,000. This happens all the time, believe me, and my natural inclination is to say, "I've got you down for $27,000, and that's what you are going to get." But not this time. This time if the kid said he'd sign for $23,000 I'd let it go at that, or maybe I'd sign him for a thousand more. The net result was that our 1966 budget for ballplayers went up exactly the $100,000 I had planned on, with Koufax and Drysdale getting $70,000 of the increase and the other 24 guys getting the rest. I'd have liked to give the other players more, but a budget is a budget and I stuck to it.

Just how much the other boys were worth in winning the pennant and drawing two and a half million fans is hard to figure. That was one of the things that irked me in some of the published stories about the negotiations. They were saying that every time Donald pitched in Dodger Stadium he drew 3,000 extra fans, and every time Sandy pitched he drew 8,000 extra. Since each fan figures to spend an average of $4.50 on parking, admission and food, this comes to $13,000 to Donald's credit and $36,000 to Sandy's. Well, hold on there! I could make an argument that Donald had actually *cost* us fans in our first five years in Los Angeles. He was so grouchy and temperamental that some people refused to come out and see him pitch. And as far as Sandy was concerned, one important reason that he drew more people was the fact that we tried to use him whenever we could in crucial games, and more often than not the other teams saved up their best pitchers to go against him. Now does that mean we should have sent money to Juan Marichal or Jim Bunning? I mean, those figures about who brings how many into a ball park are highly conjectural. What about those other Dodgers on the field? How many fans do they bring in? Let's say Sandy comes to the ball park and the other 25 players stay home, then how many people is he going to bring in? The whole thing can get to be a joke.

What really confused me was the holdout chapter in Sandy's book. To read that version of baseball history you'd think that Sandy and Don had won the biggest

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victory since Guadalcanal. Now, I'm not the vainest person in the world, and I've already admitted that Sandy and Don racked us up pretty good financially. But according to Sandy's book they scored all kinds of other points, too, and established several precedents. The book tells how I refused to negotiate through their agent, which is 100% true, but then it says that "just before the Dodgers broke camp, Buzzie came back to Los Angeles and called Bill Hayes." In other words, after refusing to negotiate through their agent, I gave in and telephoned him.

Well, if I did that, I opened the door to more trouble than baseball ever dreamed in its worst nightmares. If I gave in and began negotiating baseball contracts through an agent, then I set a precedent that's going to bring awful pain to general managers for years to come, because every salary negotiation with every humpty-dumpty fourth-string catcher is going to run into months of dickering. Sandy knows I've got better sense than that, and Sandy knows I have never in my life called his agent. It happened exactly as I have told you; I called Don Drysdale from Vero Beach, and Don and I got together the next day in Nicola's. And yet Sandy's book says, "There's a certain irony, of course, in having Don go in to negotiate from friendship immediately after we had established the right of dealing through a third party." I can only assume that Sandy made an honest error. To the best of my memory, and I'm pretty sure I'm right about this, I have talked to Bill Hayes three times in my life, and each time on the telephone, and each time about some minor matter brought up by him. Once, I recall, he wanted to know if it was all right for Sandy to make some kind of television appearance, and another time there was something about an endorsement, and our third conversation was about a matter of such monumental importance that I can't even remember it! Sandy's contract to pitch for the Los Angeles Dodgers has never been discussed with Bill Hayes, and nobody ever "established the right of dealing through a third party." They had not

established any "right" to come at me in pairs, either, as anyone who is interested can find out in the future by trying it. I do remember that Sandy's book was written at a very crucial time of his life. He was getting ready to quit baseball, he was negotiating a job with NBC, he was taking his turn on the mound every four days and he was battling his arthritis, and, in between all this, he was helping to put a book together. Under the circumstances, it is easy for me to understand how the chapter on the double holdout could wind up as just about the most jumbled history of any financial dealing I have ever read, full of wrong data, wrong amounts, wrong conclusions, wrong interpretations. It is so wrong that I hated to bring up the subject, but I had to discuss it, because that chapter also makes me look like some kind of a rat, a guy who was unfair and deceitful to Sandy and Don, two of my favorite human beings.

Sandy came to me himself one day and apologized for one sentence in that chapter that really stung. After a long narrative about salary negotiations in which the book had made me look like some sort of southern plantation owner dealing with one of his slaves, he wrote: "There is no law that says you have to like your boss. . . ."

Sandy came to me and said, "Buzzie, I want you to know that I didn't mean you." That was a surprise to me; after all, it was me he had been talking about all through the chapter.

By now, so many legends have grown up about Sandy Koufax that I hardly know where to begin in sorting them out. I suppose the main legend is that Sandy pitched through agonizing pain and that he finally had to quit baseball because he could stand the pain no longer. Now, let's be absolutely clear about this. I am not saying that Sandy had no pain. After he had pitched a long ball game and plunked that elbow of his into the ice water, that arm must have hurt plenty. Even a nonarthritic has pain in his arm after throwing 130 or 150 pitches in a long ball game.

But Sandy did not suffer agonizing pain while he was pitching, and he never said he did, either. I think Roberto

continued

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Clemente was on the right track when he said: "All I know about Sandy's arthritis is that it must come after the game is over. Nobody could pitch the way Koufax does with something bothering him." Sandy had arthritis, bad arthritis, no doubt about it, but if he had the pain that the press kept yelping about he'd have had to walk right off the mound. I never heard Sandy complain once about pain during a game. Of course, he's that kind of guy; he wouldn't say anything even if he was hurting. Simple common sense has to tell you that no one can chalk up the records he did with a sore arm. But how the papers worked on that painful legend! They used to show pictures of him pitching and his face would be all contorted, and the caption would say something about the agony the brave Koufax was going through. Why, I can show you similar pictures of every pitcher in baseball, including one of Sal Maglie where his face looks like there must be a scorpion in his undershorts, and all he's doing is pitching to the No. 6 batter with two outs in the second inning and a 5–0 lead.

I know what made Sandy Koufax quit, and I agree with him 100%; in fact, as much as I hated to lose Sandy, I never suggested for a second that his reasoning was anything but correct. And here's what his reasoning was: Sandy is a doer; he likes to play golf, to wire up fancy stereo sets, to fool with his cars and to go out and play and have fun, and every time he wound up and threw a baseball he ran the risk that some time in the future, some day maybe 10 years off, he would lose the use of that bad arm and not be capable of doing the things that he wanted to. In other words, he could stay in baseball and earn more and more money for his retirement years, but at the same time he might be destroying his retirement, because who the hell wants to go into a disabled retirement? Sandy was thinking ahead, that's all. I'll never forget what he told me: "Buzzie, I'm working hard, I'm not married, I'm saving a lot of money. I've stayed in baseball so that later on I'll be able to do all the things I like to do. But suppose later on I'm physically unable to do those

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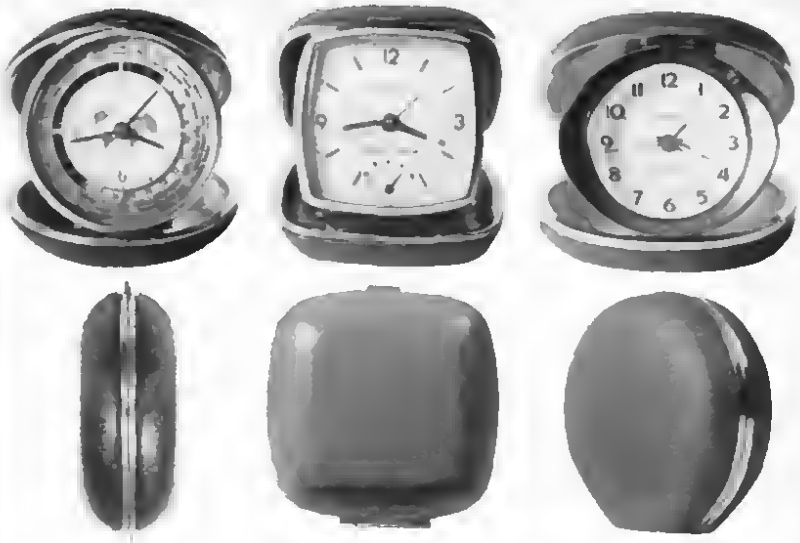

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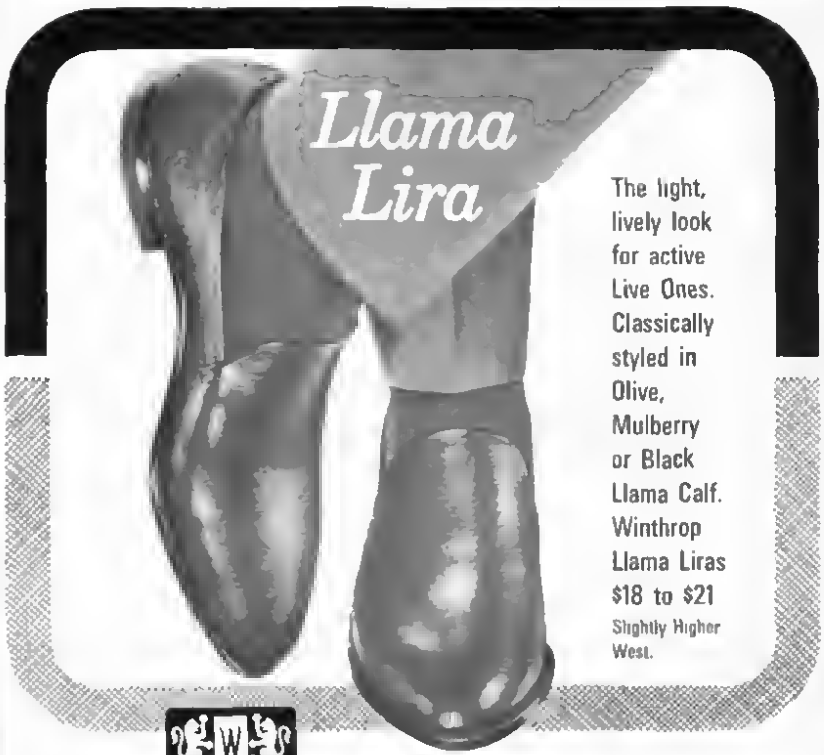

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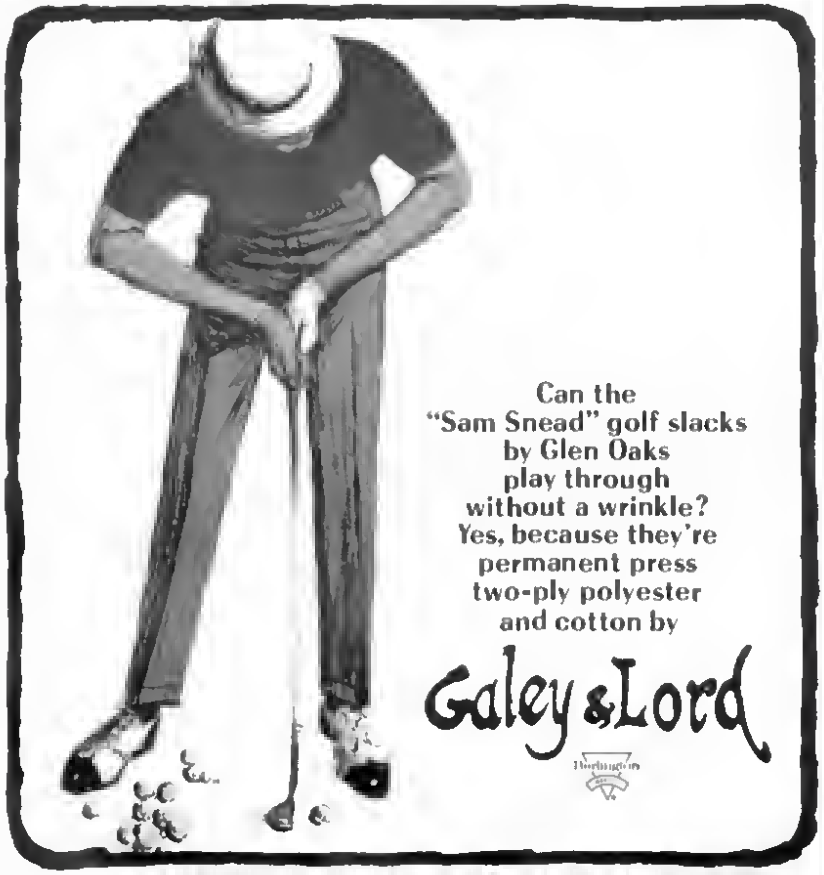

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things? If I can't do those things, why bother to work to make money for my retirement?"

I agreed with him right down the line: I never for one second insisted that Sandy pitch another season once he had made up his mind. Dr. Robert Kerlan, the team's physician, knew how strongly Sandy felt. I'll never forget one day after Sandy's retirement the doctor said to him, "Sandy, you can still pitch." And Sandy said, "I know I can still pitch," and the doctor said, "Well, why don't you pitch another season?" And Sandy said, "I don't want to pitch anymore." Dr. Kerlan said, "If we could eliminate any pain from that arm, would you pitch again?" Sandy said, "No."

In other words, Sandy had had it. He wasn't going to jeopardize his future physical condition any further. And all the time he was arriving at this decision, the papers were printing their daily horror story the agony of Sandy Koufax. It was a fine story, the way they wrote it, a real sob story, but Sandy would be the first one to come out and tell you: he could suit up and pitch right now and win damn near 27 games, too, I'd be willing to bet! If you want to see a real study in arthritic pain, by the way, look at Dr. Kerlan. He is permanently bent. He has arthritis of the spine, and he has to take 20 aspirins a day for his pain. But he operates through his pain, he functions with it. Sandy is equally able to function on the mound.

The truth about Sandy's retirement is very simple. He quit for the same reason I work: security. I want the security of my job. He wants the security of his health. Do you really think I would try to argue him out of a decision like that and maybe have his useless left arm on my conscience for the rest of my life? I don't have the guts!

Of course, Sandy did disappoint me in the way he announced his retirement. In my opinion, the whole thing left something to be desired. You probably think you know the story. You read it in the paper, didn't you, how Sandy came to Buzzie and said he wanted to quit and Buzzie said, "Oh, Sandy, please don't quit until after the winter meetings, because if I go to the meetings with you

continued

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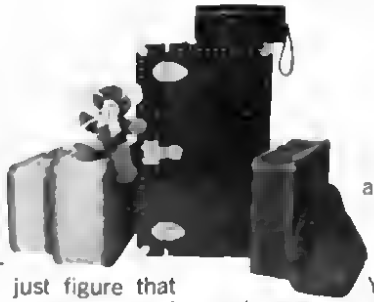

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on the roster I'll be able to trade for a pitcher, but if I go with you off the roster they'll know I'm hurting for pitchers and they'll never give me one." That "inside" story was printed in just about every newspaper. It's not true. Now, normally, I would say what the hell's the difference, and let the story stand unchallenged. The reason I'm not is, first, it makes me look like a guy who would have the nerve to say to a great ballplayer, "We've gotten everything we could out of you, and now please disrupt your personal plans for a few more months so that we can squeeze out a little more." I don't like that suggestion. Second, the "inside" story makes it look as though Sandy did not care much about the future of the Dodgers, because, after all, he *did* announce his retirement before the winter meetings. I wish I had a dollar for every newspaper item that explained how Sandy had done the ball club an injustice by announcing his retirement too soon, now the Dodgers wouldn't be able to trade for a decent pitcher, etc., etc. And I wish I had *two* dollars for every newspaper item that explained how that heartless Bavasi insisted that Sandy wait until after the trading period.

Well, it was all baloney: it wasn't fair to Sandy, and it wasn't fair to me. But the imminent retirement of such a spectacular star and such a reticent star was bound to cause all kinds of conjecture. Sandy wouldn't talk about his retirement plans, and I *couldn't* talk about them, since I was one of the last to find out, and between those two incommunicado sources the newspaper guys pretty much had to guess for themselves. Most of their guesses were wrong.

Phil Collier of *The San Diego Union*, one of Sandy's few close friends in the press, says that Sandy first told him of the retirement in 1965, a year before it happened. "Next year will be the last," Sandy told him, and swore him to secrecy. Collier had to keep Sandy's secret to himself. When a reporter stops respecting confidences like that, he stops getting confidences like that. The irony is that when Sandy finally did make his retirement announcement, he did it in such a way as to give Collier a scoop but also to force Collier into an error, not a big error, but the kind of petty thing that irks a good newspaperman.

Despite certain stories you may read, Sandy did not come to me right after the World Series and tell me that he was going to retire. Now that it's all over, I wish he had. He may have told a few close friends, but I was not one of them. The last word I had with Sandy about retirement was late in the season, when he told me he was giving it some thought. I told him I hoped he wouldn't quit but, if he had to, it would help the ball club if he would wait until after the winter meetings in December. I told him that we would be hurting without him and the other ball clubs would want us to keep on hurting. He said that he would bear that in mind, and I told him it was no big deal, that the main thing was that he protect his own future and do what was right by himself. He said he would let me know his decision as soon as the season was over.

Now the World Series ends and Sandy says nothing, and another player comes to me and gets me all excited by telling me that Sandy has decided he was making so much money on the Dodgers that he was going to pitch another year. The weeks go by, the ball club goes barnstorming to Japan, but Sandy stays home for reasons of his own, and soon I've got my hopes up that we are not going to lose him. I figure that every day that goes by in silence is an indication that he's staying, which is what I want more than anything. And just when I'm lulling myself into a false sense of security the telephone rings on my desk. "Buzzie," Sandy says, "I've got to see you right away. I'm quitting baseball."

We had a long talk, and there was no doubt about it. Sandy was through. As I remember, I made a little speech about how much he had meant to the Dodgers and how much he had meant to me personally, and I said, "Sandy, I hate to see you go, but I have to admit you're making sense. And as far as waiting until the winter meetings is concerned, it won't make that much difference anyway. All the other clubs know you're going to retire, if not this year then next year, and they're not going to give us

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any pitchers anyway." I said, "You've got money in the bank, you're a young man, you've got a chance to make some money, and there's no sense staying in baseball and jeopardizing your future."

You can't imagine a friendlier meeting of the minds. We were in total agreement. I was amazed later when the stories came out explaining how I had demanded that Sandy wait until December and Sandy had said the Dodgers and Bavasi could go to hell and he was announcing right away. Just plain bull!

At the end of our friendly talk, Sandy said, "I'd like to make the announcement tomorrow."

Well, all of the Dodgers except me and Sandy and one or two others were still in Japan, and I suggested to Sandy that it would be a nice gesture to Mr. O'Malley to wait until they came back several days later. He said that would be fine with him, and we agreed that Sandy's final press conference would be on Wednesday, November 23, the day before Thanksgiving, in the Dodger office. That was eight days away. I called the caterer, tipped off a few of my friends to make no plans for that date, and everything's set.

About 7 o'clock on Thursday evening, two days after our little talk and a week before Thanksgiving, Sandy calls me at home and says, "Buzzie, I've changed my mind. Let's have the press conference tomorrow."

I was flabbergasted, and I was blunt. I said, "I'm not having it tomorrow!"

"Why not?"

I said, "Sandy, Mr. O'Malley will still be in Japan. Can't you see we can't have him picking up a Japanese newspaper and reading how his star pitcher retired? You've got to give Walter a chance to take part in something as important as this, Sandy. I think we both owe it to him." I don't know whether I was right or wrong, but I felt strongly about what I was saying. I didn't think that something that started with a handshake 11 years before should end so coldly now.

Sandy said, "It'll be O.K. as long as you're there, won't it, Buzzie?"

I said, "How can I be there without Mr. O'Malley? That would look twice as bad."

continued

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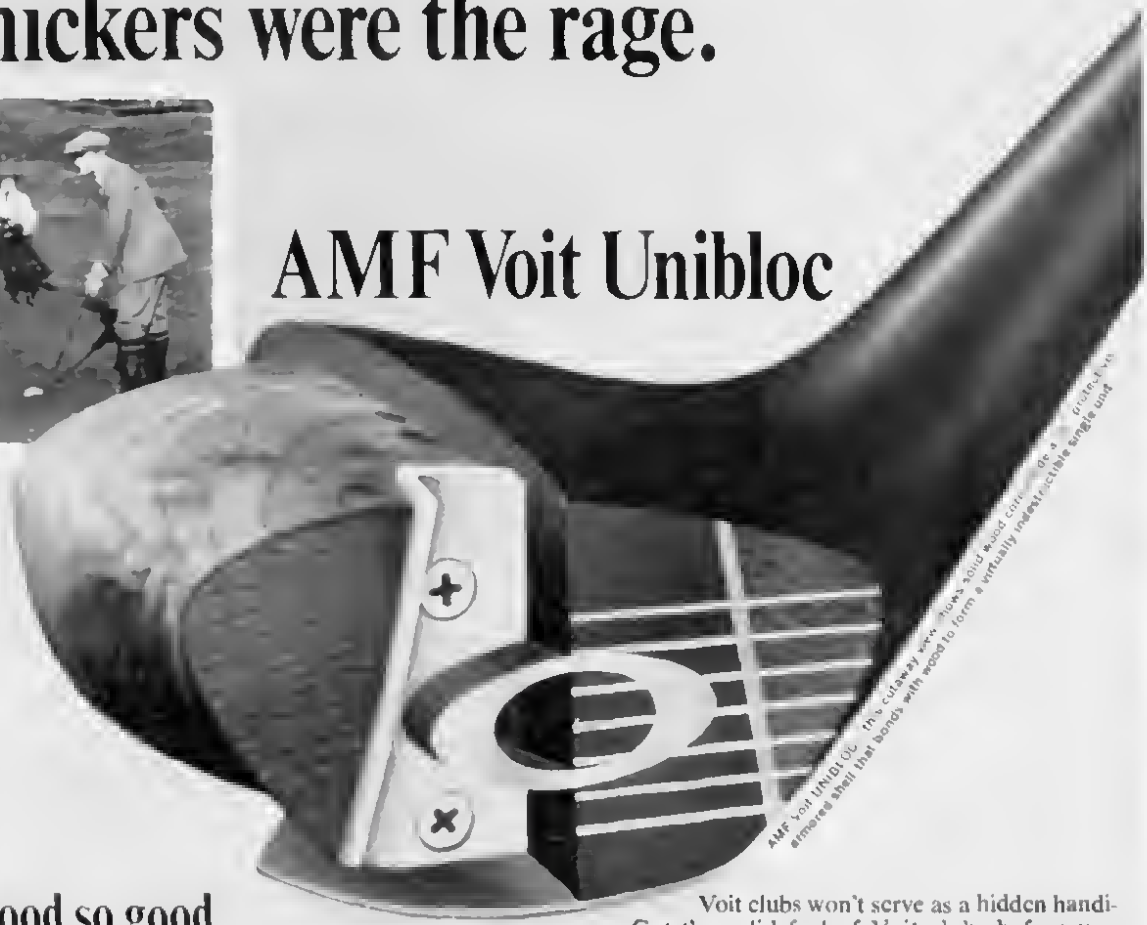

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VOIT

He said, "I want you there, Buzzie."

I said, "Sandy, I can't have my picture taken with you and then have Walter pick up a newspaper in Japan and say, 'Well, this is great! My man's retiring, and he can't even wait for me to come back.' "

And Sandy said, "Well, I'm going to do it anyway."

I said, "What's the hurry, Sandy?"

And he said something about he was tired of being deceitful to his friends, and he thought it was coming out in one of the newspapers, and he wanted to be fair to all the reporters.

I said, "Sandy, I'm sorry, but I can't have anything to do with it."

He said, "Well, I'm sorry, too, Buzzie. I wanted your smiling face there. I'll go ahead and make the announcement tomorrow in the office."

And I said, "No, you won't. No chance! If you have the press conference in the office, then it looks like I'm condoning the fact that you're quitting while Walter's away."

He said, "O.K., then I'll announce my retirement someplace else."

The next day Sandy made his announcement at 1:15 in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, but the Los Angeles reporters had been scooped. *The San Diego Union* was already on the streets announcing the retirement of the great pitcher, and the wire services had flashed the story coast to coast. Sandy's friend, Phil Collier, had learned of the impending retirement the night before and had beaten everybody else by a clean 12 hours. There was just one little error in his story. It said that the Dodgers had called a press conference for one o'clock. Thus it was pretty clear to me that Collier had found out about the retirement plans before I had vetoed any official Dodger participation.

When I read Collier's story, I remembered how Sandy had told me the night before that he couldn't wait any longer to announce the retirement, that somebody was coming out with the story and he wanted to give all the reporters a chance. Now it seemed to me that if somebody was coming out with the story, it must have been because Sandy had tipped them off. So he was being forced

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to announce his retirement the next day because of an action he had taken himself. That seemed to me to be insufficient reason for treating Walter O'Malley discourteously.

On the other hand, I still thought I knew Sandy Koufax very well. He had disappointed me twice in his life: once when he said a few uncomplimentary and inaccurate things in his book, and now in giving the back of his hand to the man we both worked for. Weighed against those two annoyances, there were so many times when Sandy had put all of us in the Dodger organization deep in his debt that the only emotion I had left after his retirement was sadness. Not just the Dodger fan's sadness that the big meal ticket was gone for good, but the sadness of losing a personal friend on a sour note. I felt rotten about it. I wished there was some way it could all be replayed, with pomp and ceremony in the Dodger office and a brass band and everybody making noble speeches about how much Sandy had meant to all of us and to baseball. Instead, the finest pitcher the game had ever known wound up announcing his retirement in a hotel room with his lawyer at his side and not a Dodger to be seen.

I brooded about it for a week. I brooded about it, in fact, until Thanksgiving night, when just as I sat down to a big holiday meal with the family, the phone rang.

"Buzzie?" It was Sandy, and I put my hand over the phone and said in a stage whisper: "It's Sandy!"

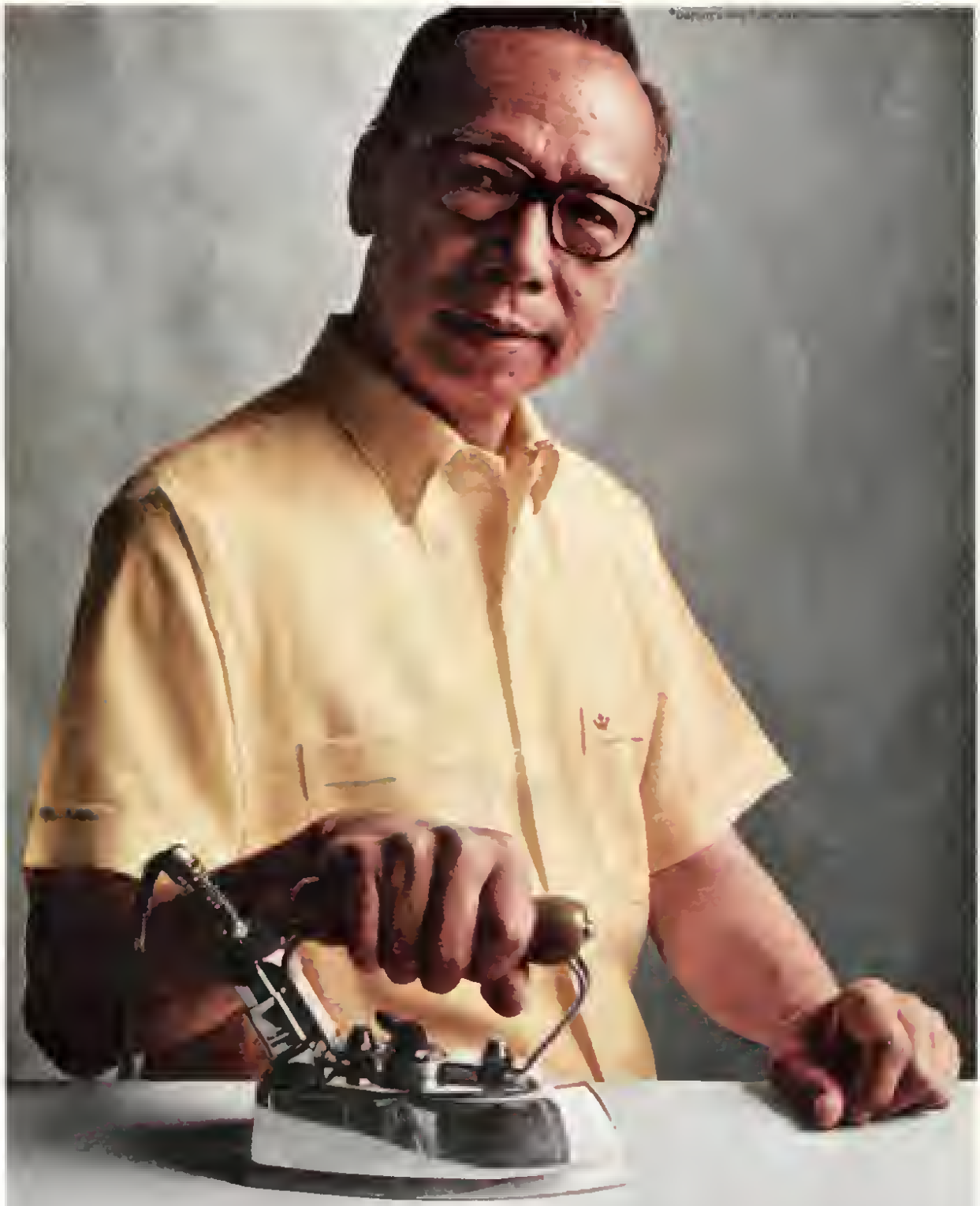
"What's the big idea, interrupting my Thanksgiving dinner?" I said as gruffly as I could.

Sandy said, "I just called to wish you and Evit and all the family a happy Thanksgiving."

"Well," I said, "The same to you, Sandy." I didn't say a whole lot else. But I was as glad as if I had heard from the President.

Next Week

Bavasi explains the many ploys of salary haggling and tells how a ballplayer can maneuver himself into taking less pay.



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Before his Tigers took on CHICAGO (3-0) in Comiskey Park, Manager Mayo Smith said, "This park is the empire of pitching." Smith knew whereof he spoke, for that night the Tigers lost 2-1. However, the White Sox did not confine their fine pitching to their home park. In Cleveland they won twice, first on a four-hitter by Tommy John, then on a three-hit shutout by Joe Horlen and Bob Locker. Except for one bad game, the Sox pitchers were exceptional during the past three weeks. In 13 games—nine of them wins—they had a 1.45 ERA, held opponents to a .201 batting average and gave up only 12 extra-base hits, including just two homers. Tommie Agee stole a pair of bases (giving him nine for nine this year), and each was followed by a run-scoring single by Pete Ward. For all the glitter, the White Sox had no better pitching than WASHINGTON (4-2), which gave up only two runs in 55 innings during one span (0.35 ERA) and left opponents with a minuscule .125 batting average. Pete Richert, with help from Dick Baldwin, beat the A's 1-0 and attributed his sudden effectiveness (he had lost his first three games) to the abandonment of his curve ball. Conversely, Mickey Lolich of DETROIT (3-1) said he owed his shutout over the Orioles to his new-found curve. Surprisingly, he did not credit Johnny Sain, who has been praised more often and more lavishly than any pitching coach in years, for his new pitch. "I found this one myself," Lolich explained. Timely and frequent hitting by Al Kaline (.429 for the week) produced vital runs and made him the leading batter in the majors (.392). NEW YORK (1-3) was rained out three times, and when the Yankees did get in a couple of games they were played in MINNESOTA (4-1), where the temperature dropped as low as 29°. With four regulars ailing, the Twins needed robust hitting by Zoilo Versalles (13 runs produced) and Ron Clark (two HRs, seven RBIs) to get their offense thawed out. A lack of runs hurt BOSTON (2-4, *page 66*), KANSAS CITY (2-3) and CALIFORNIA (3-3), but the Angels' pitching got a boost from Jim McGlothlin, who turned in a two-hitter and a three-hitter. After BALTIMORE (1-4) beat the Indians 8-7 on a three-run homer by Woodie Held, who was a pinch hitter for a pinch hitter, one Oriole shouted, "Watch out, American League." Then the Orioles scored twice in four games, lost all four and fell below .500 for the first time in more than two years. CLEVELAND (1-3) also had trouble scoring. About the only weapon the Indians had was the missed bunt. Twice, having failed to bunt, batters whacked out extra-base hits—one a double, the other a homer.

Standings: Det 13-7, Chi 12-7, NY 10-9, Wash 11-10, Bos 10-10, Cal 11-12, Minn 9-11, Balt 9-12, Clev 8-11, KC 8-12

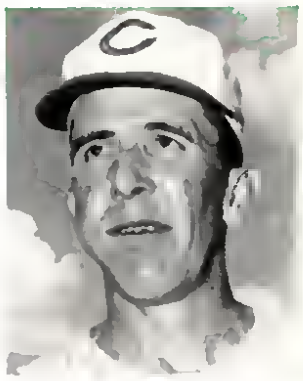
NATIONAL LEAGUE

Having won his 14th game in a row over two seasons the night before, Phil Regan of LOS ANGELES (1-3) seemed the obvious reliever to bring in when PITTSBURGH (5-1) got a ninth-inning rally going the next day. The Pirates had been trailing 5-0 with two out, but when they got started not even The Vulture could stop them: they scored five times and tied the game. Regan faced three men and gave up three hits, but, true to form, he was not tagged with the loss. The game went to the 15th inning before a single by Pitcher Juan Pizarro gave the Pirates the victory. Four home runs by Orlando Cepeda put some life back into the ST. LOUIS (3-3) attack, but game-winning singles by Ernie Banks and Don Kessinger of CHICAGO (2-3) overcame a lot of that slugging. The Cubs' young left-hander, Ken Holtzman, was ordered to report May 22 for six months of National Guard training. After the Cardinals' Bob Gibson and Ray Washburn each stopped CINCINNATI (2-3) with consecutive two-hit shutouts, Pete Rose of the Reds said, "I gotta feel sorry for the Braves, because we're overdue to hurt someone." On cue, the Reds tore into ATLANTA (3-2) for 21 runs, 36 hits (six by Rose) and seven homers (two by Rose). When the Braves moved to within two runs of the Reds and had the bases loaded in the opening game of that series, Ted Abernathy (*below*) cooled them off by getting Hank Aaron and Mack Jones to pop out. Willie Mays of SAN FRANCISCO (2-3), pulled from a game for a pinch runner after hitting a triple, showed public disapproval of Manager Herman Franks' move, but the Giants insisted all was still sweetness and light between manager and star. NEW YORK (2-2) fell behind the Giants 2-1 in the 12th, then scored twice in the last half of the inning to win. Later, a ninth-inning homer by Jerry Buchek gave Rookie Tom Seaver a 2-1 win over the Astros. HOUSTON (2-2) complained about a lack of hitting but managed to take two out of three from the Phillies and batter four pitchers with a stunning eight-run inning. The PHILADELPHIA (2-2) bullpen was completely undependable, so much so that when Starter Jim Bunning developed a blister on his pitching hand, Manager Gene Mauch took no chances. He brought in another starter, Chris Short, to protect Bunning's 3-1 lead. The Phils got much needed batting help from Rookie Gary Sutherland. "This kid hasn't got a swing," bubbled Mauch. "It's a stroke, a beautiful stroke."

Standings: Cin 17-8, Pitt 12-6, StL 12-9, Atl 12-9, Chi 10-9, Phil 10-10, SF 9-12, NY 8-13, LA 7-13, Hou 7-15

HIGHLIGHT

People are calling 34-year-old Reliever Ted Abernathy of the Cincinnati Reds (*right*) all the names they can think of, and that suits him just fine, for it is a tip-off that he is pitching well. One rival says he is "a combination Koufax-and-Mandrake-the-Magician." A teammate, alluding to Abernathy's underhand delivery, calls him Angleworm and explains, "He comes right up out of the ground with the ball." It wasn't always that way. Years ago, as a sophomore in high school and then again in 1957 when he was pitching for the Senators, Abernathy tore a shoulder muscle. In 1959 he underwent surgery, and when he got back into action he found he had to abandon his sidearm motion and resort to underhanded means to get the batters out. He struggled in four minor leagues before making it back to the majors with Cleveland in 1963. Sold to the Cubs in 1965, he pitched in 84 games (a major league record) and was acclaimed the best relief pitcher in baseball. But he flopped with the Cubs last year (6.11 ERA), was sent to the Braves and finally was picked up in the winter draft by the Reds. He seemed just about washed up. Cincinnati, desperate for pitching, was patient with him in spring training, and by last week Abernathy was again king of the bullpen. He appeared in 14 of the league-leading Reds' first 25 games and, aside from one shaky effort, pitched 22 innings in which he gave up just two earned runs and eight hits. He saved nine games, two in a row last week. If he keeps up that pace, he will certainly regain the title he won in 1965 and which he covets beyond all others: Fireman of the Year.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—After a two-day special draft for the stocking of the NBA's new Seattle and San Diego franchises (each of the 10 established clubs relinquished three men), the annual draft of college players, held in New York City, began its selection of 127 athletes. The top players, picked mostly in the first round, were JIMMY WALKER, Providence guard (a day earlier he had signed a four-year, estimated $200,000 contract), SONNY DOVE, St. John's center, and BOB LLOYD, Rutgers guard, Detroit, EARL MONROE, Winston-Salem State guard, Baltimore, CLEM HASKINS, Western Kentucky forward, Chicago, RANDY MAHAFFEY, Clemson forward, Los Angeles, WALT FRAZIER, Southern Illinois guard, and KEITH SWAGERTY, University of the Pacific center, New York; TOM WORKMAN, Seattle forward, and BOB VERGA, Duke guard, St. Louis; MEL DANIELS, New Mexico center, Cincinnati; DAVE LATTIN, Texas Western forward, San Francisco; MEL GRAHAM, New York University guard, Boston; CRAIG RAYMOND, Brigham Young center, Philadelphia; AL TUCKER, Oklahoma Baptist forward, Seattle; and PAT RILEY, Kentucky forward, San Diego.

BOWLING—At the 64th American Bowling Congress Tournament in Miami Beach, covering a period of 65 days, BOB STRAMPE of Detroit became the classic all-events champion, while LOUIS MANDRAGONA of Miami won the singles, and NORM MYERS and HARRY SMITH of California the doubles. The Classic team title went to BALANCER GLOVE of Fort Worth. Regular event champions were GARY LEWIS of Chicago (all-round), FRANK PERRY of Lorain, Ohio (singles), MARK KUGLITSCH and RON WHEELER of Milwaukee (doubles), and PINKY'S BOWL of Milwaukee (team).

LOU SCALIA, 24, of Hollywood, Fla. took six straight matches in the double-elimination finals at the ABC Masters championship to beat Bill Johnson, 29, of New Orleans by 19 pins.

BOXING—KARL MILDENBERGER, the 29-year-old European heavyweight champion from West Germany, floored Amos (Big Train) Lincoln of Portland, Ore. twice in the sixth round of a scheduled 10-round nontitle match in Frankfurt, Germany, before he knocked him down for good (TKO).

Former World Light-heavyweight Champion HAROLD JOHNSON, 38, who says he's "ready to take on all challengers," started his comeback in New Orleans when he won a 10-round unanimous decision over unranked Hershel Jacobs, 26, of White Plains, N.Y. The bout was only Johnson's fifth since he lost his title to Willie Pastrano in 1963.

In another 10-round unanimous decision, heavyweight-title contender JOE FRAZIER, 23, of Philadelphia remained undefeated after his 16th professional fight as he beat 26-year old George (Scrap Iron) Johnson in Los Angeles.

GOLF—FRANK BEARD of Louisville won the $115,000 Champions International tournament in Houston by a stroke over Arnold Palmer (*page 28*).

GYMNASTICS—Louisiana's NORTHWESTERN STATE COLLEGE scored an upset victory in the men's division of the National AAU championships in Natchitoches, La. as SEITO, a graduate student from Japan, took first in the still rings, third in the floor exercises and fourth in horizontal bars. Southwestern Louisiana finished second, while defending champion Southern Connecticut failed to place. World trampoline and tumbling champion JUDY WILLS won her two specialties and Nancy Smith finished second in both to lead SOUTHERN ILLINOIS to a repeat victory in the women's division. All-round champions were YOSUI HAKASAKI of Seattle and CAROLYN HECKER of Southern Connecticut.

HOCKEY—NHL TORONTO gained its 11th Stanley Cup and its first since 1964 when the Maple Leafs defeated Montreal 3-1 in the sixth game to take the final playoff series 4-2 (*page 61*).

HORSE RACING—Darby Dan Farm's PROUD CLARION ($62.20) won the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs (*page 20*).

Hidden Valley Farm's NANCY JR. ($61.80), with John Sellers aboard, streaked to a 1¼ length victory over Gay Sailorette in the 1⅛-mile, $60,400 Kentucky Oaks Classic (America's oldest 3-year-old filly stakes) at Churchill Downs with a time of 1:44.

George F. Robb's unbeaten chestnut colt, TUMIGA ($4.80), with Ben Feliciano aboard, became the first 3-year-old in 17 years to win the seven-furlong, $56,600 Carter Handicap at Aqueduct when he gained his sixth straight victory by beating second-choice Our Michael by two lengths.

Trainer Noel Murless and Jockey George Moore gained a rare sweep of the first two classics of the British season at Newmarket, England, as Jim Joel's English colt ROYAL PALACE won the 2,000 Guineas by a head over France's Taj Dewan, and Bob Boucher's English filly FLEET beat St. Pauli Girl by ½ length in the 1,000 Guineas.

David L. Ferguson's 8-year-old roan gelding LEEDSDON, with Joe Aitcheson Jr. up, took the four-mile Virginia Gold Cup Classic by 25 lengths and became the first horse in the 42-year history of the steeplechase to win three consecutive times.

MOTOR SPORTS—DENNIS HULME of New Zealand driving a 1966 Repco-Brabham, won his first major international race—the Monaco Grand Prix for Formula 1 cars—finishing one lap ahead of three-time winner Graham Hill. During the race, Italy's Lorenzo Bandini crashed and was critically burned.

ROWING—Defending champion MARIETTA gained a sweep of the Mid-America Regatta on the Ohio River for the second straight year (*page 30*). In Boston HARVARD's eight-oar varsity extended its winning streak to 24 as it took its fourth consecutive Adams Cup.

SOCCER—There was no change in the National Pro Soccer League's Eastern Division standings as the first-place PITTSBURGH PHANTOMS defeated the Baltimore Bays 5-3, the PHILADELPHIA SPARTANS tied Chicago 0-0, and the ATLANTA CHIEFS lost to California 2-1. In the Western Division the ST. LOUIS STARS beat Chicago 2-1 to remain in the lead, while the CALIFORNIA CLIPPERS moved into second with a 2-1 win over Atlanta and the third-place LOS ANGELES TOROS lost to the Toronto Falcons 3-1.

TRACK & FIELD—FORDHAM won its second two-mile relay over Villanova in two weeks when anchorman Jack Fath crossed the finish line at the Quantico (Va.) Games only a foot in front of Wildcat Dave Patrick (both collapsed at the wire from exhaustion). The two teams were timed in 7:29.6. Villanova, however, won the four-mile and distance medley relays. Voted the meet's outstanding athlete for the second time in three years was ED ROBERTS, who took the 100-yard dash (9.7) for the third straight year and anchored the Baltimore Olympic Club's winning invitational mile (3:14.6) and 440-yard (42.0) relay teams.

UCLA beat USC, 83–62, for only the second time in the 33-year history of the dual meet in Los Angeles as the Bruins' 440-yard relay team equaled the world record of 39.6.

VOLLEYBALL—The FRESNO (Calif.) VOLLEYBALL CLUB, in a stunning upset, scored five straight points for a 16–14 victory over the defending champion Sand and Sea Tigers of Santa Monica to gain the men's title at the USVA national championships in Detroit. The women's division was won by the LONG BEACH (Calif.) SHAMROCKS for the 10th time in 11 years. UCLA gained the National Collegiate title, and the Senior Men's (35 and over) Open went to the WEST SIDE CENTER of Los Angeles.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED. To replace the late Jim Mackenzie as head football coach at the University of Oklahoma, CHARLES F. FAIRBANKS, 33, an assistant to Mackenzie last season. Fairbanks, a star end at Michigan State (1952–54), previously had served four years as defensive backfield coach at both Houston and Arizona State.

NAMED. To replace Willem (Butch) van Breda Kolff, who resigned as head basketball coach at Princeton last week, PETE CARRIL, 36, captain of van Breda Kolff's first basketball team at Lafayette (1951–52) and last year's basketball coach at Lehigh University.

SIGNED. A $66,000 three-year contract as coach of the Cincinnati Royals, by ED JUCKER, 49, head basketball coach at the University of Cincinnati from 1960–65 (113-28 record and two consecutive NCAA championships).

RESIGNED. After 25 years as baseball coach at the University of Texas, BIBB AUGUST FALK, 68. Falk, a Chicago White Sox outfielder for 12 years (1920–31), led his Longhorn teams to a 476-175 won-lost record, including consecutive NCAA championships in 1949 and 1950 and 20 Southwest Conference titles. He will be succeeded by one of his former students, CLIFFORD GUSTAFSON, 36, whose South San Antonio High School teams have won six state championships in the last nine years.

CREDITS

Cover—left, James Dr[illegible] Hi[illegible] Scharfman; right, Herb Scharfman; James Drake. **4**—Herb Scharfman. **24**—Courier Journal and Louisville Times. **27**—Art Shay. **28**—Don Uhrbrock. **31**—Wil Blanche. **32, 33**—Jesse L. Alexander. **58**—Steven Hiller, Pictorial Parade. **61**—Tony Triolo. **67**—Sheedy & Long. **78**—Herb Scharfman. **81**—Photo Both LIFE.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DIANA TIMBERLAKE, 16, a marksman from Alexandria, Va., who won 14 awards at last year's U.S. rifle championships and was a member of the 1966 women's international prone team, became the first girl ever to be selected to the All-Virginia Scholastic Rifle team.

JACK ERNST, a Renton (Wash.) High School pole vaulter who has been clearing 15 feet in competition this spring (the first Washington prep to reach that mark), vaulted 15'6" at a triangular meet in Seattle for a new state record. His team won by 37 points.

SAM MEDFORD, assistant ski coach at Utah State, competed against 136 professionals and amateurs at Alta's National Gelande Ski Jumping Championships and won the trophy for best performance. Runner-up was 1964 Olympic Gold Medalist Pepi Steigler.

JOHN BLAIR, a right-handed lead-off man for the Dartmouth Indians who was batting .133 earlier in the season, went seven for seven (six straight singles through eight innings and a triple in the ninth) and scored six times as his team shut out Amherst 24–0.

PAMELA FRYER, an Arizona State freshman, took overall honors at the college international women's bowling championships in Rochester, N.Y. with 1,136, when she rolled a three-game high and teamed with Susan Pfeffer of Boston University to win the doubles title.

KEN WHITE, photographer for the *Independence* (Mo.) *Examiner* and winner of the 1963 World Series for Sport Fishing, took top prize in the U.S. Open Fishing Contest in southwestern Missouri by 136 points. The same weekend he won his state championship.

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But has it done us any good? Not on our lives.

You people keep coming back and insisting your shoes are better than ours.

Well, we're tired of wasting our time talking to the wall.

It's a big world out there Portage, and we aim to make our mark on it.

So this is where we say goodbye.

In the months to come you'll be hearing big things about the Weyenberg Shoe Company.

From everyone but us.

Weyenberg Massagic Shoes

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UNIDENTICAL TWINS

Sirs:

Congratulations to Joe Jares for an outstanding article about our weird Twins. (*Poor Sam— What a Weird Week*, May 1) I can't remember reading a wittier or more interesting article in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

JOHN ELLSWORTH

Minneapolis

Sirs:

A great article! I laughed and cried. This would be a good article for any Little League player to read—or for anyone else who is interested in playing good baseball. I just hope the Twins' bad luck has run out and that good luck will follow for the rest of the season.

LARRY NEAHUSAN

Midland, Texas

Sirs:

Your mention of Walter Johnson in an article on the Minnesota Twins was hardly appropriate. As everyone well knows, when Calvin Griffith ran off with our ball club he did not take the club records with him. Walter Johnson would have been surprised indeed to find himself "reincarnated" with the word Twins on his chest. In the future when reincarnating old Senators, how about using a Washington uniform? Let the Twins find their own heroes.

BRIAN J. BARRY

Annapolis, Md.

Sirs:

The Minnesota Twins may be down, but they are a long, long way from being out. I have been an avid Twin fan since they entered the league, and I've got news for a few people. Minneapolis and St. Paul are large, prosperous, modern cities. They have a few residents who are not Swedish, and there are far better things to do there than watch TV. One thing is to watch the Twins play at their beautiful stadium in Bloomington.

I thank you for your sympathy for Sam Mele and all Twin fans, but in October, when the Series opens up in the Twin Cities, we'll see just who is feeling sorry for whom.

JOHN STITES

Des Moines

JOLTIN' JOE

Sirs:

It was with much disgust and disappointment that I read Joe DiMaggio's explanation as to why he was at the racetrack instead of at the San Francisco Giants' home opener (SCORECARD, May 1). His statement that baseball is too dull and doesn't interest him anymore seemed to be very much out of place. I would like to remind Mr. DiMaggio that it was the dull game of baseball that made it possible for him to have the money to go to the racetrack.

TERRY SCHERMAN

DeKalb, Ill.

TEXAS TOMBOY

Sirs:

Many thanks for Alice Higgins' fine article on the Fort Sam Houston and San Antonio Charity horse shows and their junior jumper champion Rafael Joseffy (*Rafe, the Tomboy Terror of Texas*, May 1). But I am left with one question: what does this Texas tomboy look like?

PATRICK MCCARTHY

St. Louis

RAFE JUMPS SEA LORN, HER TEXAS CHAMPION

PEANUT-SUTTER GALLERY

Sirs:

Thanks for Coles Phinizy's nice article on Jim Hall and the Chaparral (*Racer in a Far-out Country*, May 1). Last year it was my privilege to be invited on a boy scout family trip. Our scoutmaster received permission for the troop to visit Jim Hall's plant in Midland, Texas. Never have I seen a group of boys receive a finer welcome.

Jim was there. He and his staff showed the boys everything about the car—except the "peanut butter" in the transmission. They demonstrated quick changes on wheels and disk brakes, explained how a car could be completely serviced in a 28-second pit stop and stressed safe driving and safety features, such as crash helmets and shoulder harnesses. We saw the Chaparral in all stages of construction and dismantling, but somehow that gearbox was always covered up.

RAY CHAPMAN

Lubbock, Texas

Sirs:

Could you please tell me where I can secure one of the Chaparral T shirts mentioned in your article?

DAVID LADENSOHN

San Antonio

● Send requests, along with $1.50 and size (small, medium, large, extra large) to Chaparral Cars, Route 1, Box 62, Midland, Texas.—ED.

SISTERS AND BROTHERS

Sirs:

Psychologist Joyce Brothers may be right about the male baseball fan using the game as a symbolic release from his inability "to prove his masculinity by hefting another male in a fencing match or bringing fresh bear meat back to the cave" (PEOPLE, May 1). But she is all wet when she says the women go to a ball game "simply to please the men"—or are my daughter and I, my neighbors and my cleaning lady all freaks?

Perhaps a visit to a ball game might provide her with some much-needed background before she makes her next pronouncement.

NORA W. KORTLUCKE

Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Sirs:

Joyce Brothers is putting you on. Good heavens, does she really know the difference between a third baseman and a catcher, a tight end and a flanker, or a middleweight and a miler—except from the books?

I feel sorry for Joyce, for evidently she has not had the pleasure of spending a day at the ball park with her husband. I only wish my husband and I could go more often.

MARY SPIER

Racine, Wis.

Sirs:

Now how about letting the baseball fan analyze the psychologist? Dr. Brothers is way out in left field on her conclusions about both male and female fans.

MR. AND MRS. JOE GILMORE

Altheimer, Ark.

SIMPLE SOLUTION

Sirs:

Following your recent comments about time-outs for commercials during televised sports events, there are, I think, three legitimate considerations. First, six to eight minutes per hour of commercials is the price the TV fan must pay for his "free" seat. It's a fair price. Secondly, the fact that the

continued

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structure of some sports, such as football, basketball, hockey and soccer, must be artificially changed to accommodate all this advertising, can be counted at least as an annoyance and at most as a hardship for the paying customer. Finally, the real danger in TV time-outs is that the artificial interruption of the rhythm and tempo of the contest might affect the result. While the chances of this happening in any given game are slim, no sensible TV fan, paying customer, sponsor, promoter, journalist or athlete wants to run even the slightest risk of it.

The answer has been suggested—and tried before, but it seems worth repeating. TV coverage should begin live, as always. When it is time for a commercial, and play has stopped momentarily, TV should run its commercial. Meanwhile, play should resume at its normal pace, with the telecast going ahead on tape, which will begin running at the conclusion of the commercial. I assume TV would catch up during half times or intermissions.

This procedure would accommodate all interests and leave the TV fan no more than three or four minutes behind the actual event, though he would hardly be aware of it. This would also shorten half times and intermissions slightly (no loss) and give TV experts a moment or two to ponder their summaries (a decided gain).

ANTHONY L. FLETCHER

Brooklyn

JUDY AND ETHEL

Sirs:

There is little question that Judy Devlin Hashman is the greatest woman badminton player the world has known (*Judy Takes a Final Curtain Call*, April 24). I do think, however, that some mention should be made of the woman who was next best in the U.S., Ethel Marshall, particularly since, in that same tournament in Flint, Mich. of which Kim Chapin wrote so well, Ethel earned two more national championships—20 years after she had won the national singles for the first time. This brings the total of her U.S. titles to an even dozen.

In Flint, Miss Marshall, 42, a Buffalo stenographer, won a share of both the U.S. senior women's doubles title (with Bea Massman) and the U.S. senior mixed doubles titles (with Bob Traquair).

When Mrs. Hashman first won the national women's championship in 1954, Miss Marshall had already retired from singles play after winning that title seven straight times (1947-53), something no other woman had done until then. Ethel is a lefty and an unorthodox badminton player in other ways, but I don't think any woman can match her record for the long run, or ever will.

R. WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Buffalo

No Boneyard near the Soapberry Tree

The flinty domino players of Oklahoma play a stern, granitic game, giving no quarter and asking none, but their current champion is an Indian chief who didn't even plan to play **by ROBERT CANTWELL**

The world of boxing and the world of dominoes have at least one thing in common: an occasional dispute about who is the world champion. The heavyweight division settled its problem when Muhammad Ali beat Ernie Terrell, but domino fans are still divided over whether the true champ is the winner of a swanky society affair held once a year in San Francisco where the entry fee is $100 a team or the winner of the annual World Championship Domino Tournament in Carnegie, Okla., which had been going on for 17 years before the Nob Hill crowd even thought of having their tournament. The dispute may never be properly settled, because nobody makes any money whatever out of being a domino champion and tragically few outsiders care whether they win the title or not. This may explain why contenders at the Carnegie tournament usually arrive looking somewhat sheepish, as if they were about to take part in an illicit cockfight. Upon entering the arena to watch the title matches in Oklahoma last time around, one half expected to find Jake Kilrain battling for the bareknuckle championship of the world.

The Carnegie tournament is always held on a Friday in late February or early March, when the farm chores in the country round have not yet become too demanding. Hours before the 23rd annual championship got underway there were lots of cars and trucks parked along the street opposite the fairgrounds at the edge of Carnegie. A few people were standing near a locked-up merry-go-round, next to a booth belonging to the Future Farmers of America. Birds were singing wildly in the smogless air, and in a grove of elms below the fairgrounds a sign pointed rather vaguely at THE LARGEST WESTERN SOAPBERRY TREE IN THE UNITED STATES. After a while a ponderous, slow-walking man wearing a black hat and a black Eisenhower jacket appeared on the scene. His name was Roger Tofpi, and before arriving, he had no intention whatever of entering the tournament.

Tofpi is an oldtimer in Carnegie. People there say he is one of the few Indians remaining who still farm land received from the original government allotment. Tofpi went to Indian schools in Rainy Mountain and Fort Sill and graduated from high school in Carnegie, where he played football and basketball. He had entered a few domino tournaments in the past, but he was usually eliminated after two or three rounds, and this year he didn't even have a partner to play with.

Neither did Adam Kaulaity, who is also an Indian and farms an original Indian allotment five miles west of Carnegie. But, unlike Tofpi, he had every intention of playing. "My partner didn't show up," Kaulaity said to Tofpi. "What do you say we try it?" And, for some reason, Tofpi agreed.

The Carnegie tournament is held in a long, low, sheet-metal building, half of which is floored, and the other half of which consists of a sawdust-covered area where animals are paraded before a small grandstand for stock sales. The floored section has room for only 24 tables—which means that only 48 teams can be playing at a time. Since 114 teams were entered, some time passed before the ribbon clerks could be eliminated and the hard-core experts could settle down to destroying each other.

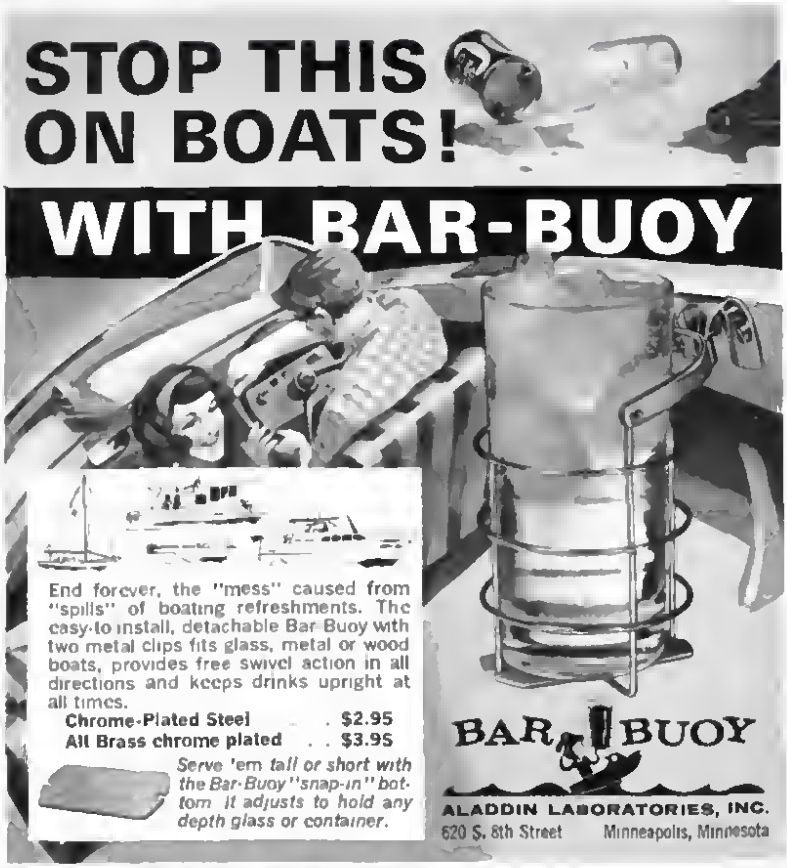
Except for half a dozen women of the ladies' auxiliary of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, who passed in and out bearing endless loads of magnificent homemade pies, cakes and sandwiches from the kitchen at the other end of the fairground, the crowd was entirely masculine. Most of the players were middle-aged farmers, clean-shaven, with lined, weathered features. When domino experts play beginners they usually win quickly, and by large scores. Within half an hour, in the hazy, dusky, smoky hall, there was a shout from one of the tables; the first team had been eliminated. The losers were presented with a chocolate cake, which was cut up, passed around and consumed at once.

The form of dominoes played at Carnegie, as in most domino parlors of the Southwest, is a lethal game. In the milder San Francisco game, each player draws five dominoes, and the remainder are left in the center of the table, forming what is known as the boneyard, to be drawn on when a player has no domino in his hand that he can play. At Carnegie all the dominoes are drawn at the outset, so each player has seven in his hand to start and there is no boneyard. In both forms of the game the objective is the same: to add dominoes to the extremities of a growing octopus in the center of the table in such a way that the total of numbers shown adds up to multiples of five—the higher the multiple the better. The first player to get rid of his dominoes wins the hand for his team, and collects the total of the points on the dominoes that are still held by his opponents, to the nearest multiple of five. The first team to score 250 points wins the game, and the first team to win two games goes on to the next round.

In the plains country they play dominoes everywhere—at crossroad service stations, like that at Sickles, where a table has been set up under the fan belts and is always crowded, or at Eakly, a rural town where you can find 40 or 50 players congregated in the firehouse every day during the winter, or at Apache, a few miles south of Carnegie, where there are three domino parlors, or at wide-open Hobart, where the standard charge is 5¢ a player and the ordinary stakes $1 a game.

Only one domino player has ever won the world championship three times—Brownie Thomas, a wiry ex-baseball player from Apache. The only team to win the championship more than once is that of Herman See, manager of a cotton gin in the town of Cowden, and his longtime partner, H. B. Merrill. See and Merrill were on hand to try again last February. The luck of the draw pitted them in the first round against two other former champions, Glen Smith and Howard Hitt, well-to-do peanut farmers

continued



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The dominoes were shuffled fast, with the rotary motion employed throughout the domino country, somewhat like a pastry cook mixing dough. Each player picked up seven dominoes, nervously examined and arranged them in lines, realigned them, moved them around, and then, with an audible sigh from the spectators crowding around the table, play began. Hitt played the double five, and marked 10 points on his scorecard. A 10 is marked with an X, a five with a slanting line that is made into an X with the next score. Eventually Hitt's double five made the score 240–240. See thought a long time. He slowly placed the five-six on the table five. Smith snapped the six-blank on the table. It hit with a clatter. The total on the board was thus again 10 points. This meant that Smith and Hitt had a score of 250, and Merrill and See were finally eliminated.

With tension like that centering on such famed former champions, no one paid much attention to Adam Kaulaity and Roger Tofpi. A domino tournament starts with a cheerful, noisy, picnic-like atmosphere. The dramatic progress is through a long series of steely tests, the action growing slower and slower, the moves becoming more and more deliberate, the players getting increasingly nervous. If Tofpi, who looks like the Hollywood version of a great, silent Indian chief (possibly because he is one, from the Kiowa tribe), was noticeable as the day wore on it was because he did not tap his foot, rock his chair, crack his knuckles, fidget with the dominoes or give any sign of strain. Grave and impassive, he leaned back in his chair, folded his arms and appeared to be meditating or catching up on his sleep.

Kaulaity, on the other hand, became increasingly agitated as the games came down to five or 10-point margins. When he marked the score, he made such large X marks that he hardly had room on the page for them. Between games Tofpi walked slowly around the hall, paying no attention to the games that were still going on. "Yes, I have an advantage," he said pleasantly to a questioner. "I only learned to count up to five, and since this game is counted in fives it is easier for me."

By 5 o'clock there were only four teams left: a team of former champions

—Albert Norton and J. T. Masoner, who had won the title in 1961 and had played together for years—a team from Texas that had just won the Texas state championship, a team of veterans from Apache, and Tofpi and Kaulaity.

"I feel better," said one player who had been eliminated by the Masoner-Norton team. "The team that beat me is still in there." But not for long. At 5:58 Tofpi and Kaulaity won the third and decisive game, coming back after having been 50 points behind.

At 6:20 the final round started. There were 40 people around the table, including two former world champions and a dozen Indians. Hugh Lair, a retired farmer from Apache, a round-faced, benign-appearing grandfather, and his long-term partner, O. E. Roberts, won the first game, Tofpi and Kaulaity the second. Everywhere else the hall was deserted. In the far corner the ladies' auxiliary cleared away the last of the sandwiches. Papers were strewn over the floor. Score sheets marked with innumerable X marks, and paper plates with scraps of pie and cake lay on the tables.

The final game began with a disaster for Tofpi and Kaulaity. At 6:50 they were even after the first moves; at 6:58 they were 75 points behind. Slowly the Indian team began to move up again—the score was 205–180—but Lair and Roberts now needed only 45 points to win the world championship. At 7:01 they scored another 20 and were only 25 points from the title. Then Tofpi and Kaulaity scored 20, and, a few moments later, 25 more. It was 225–225.

"Lost a lead like that," said a bystander in wonderment.

Now each of the four players had three dominoes left. Lair looked at the table for some time; he could not play, and tapped a domino on the surface.

"That beat him," said a voice. He was right. Like all good championship domino games, this one came down to a marginal difference in points—245–235—but Tofpi played his last domino and collected the winning five points from the dominoes that Lair and Roberts still held. The whole room was silent as the truth became clear—two heretofore unranked entrants, playing together for the first time in their lives, had beaten the best domino players anywhere to become the new champions of the world. Or at least that part of the world outside of San Francisco. END

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